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LORD BYRON'S WORKS.

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LORD BYRON'S WORKS.

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WORKS.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CONTAINING:

HOURS OF IDLENESS, POEMS BY A MINOR.—THE CURSE OF MINERVA.—FUGITIVE PIECES.—THE VAMPYRE, etc.

PARIS,

SOLD BY FRANÇOIS LOUIS,

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1821.

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HOURS OF IDLENESS,

A

SERIES OF POEMS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED,

By GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON,

A MINOR.

Μητ' αρ' με μαλ' αινεε μητε τι νειχει.

HOMER. Iliad, 10.

He whistled as he went for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Edition is reprinted from the second English one, as the latter contains several Poems not comprised in the first.—To it is subjoined the critique of the Edinburgh Review, which gave rise to his Lordship's Poem, entitled « English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. »

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, etc. etc.

THESE POEMS ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED WARD,

AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,

THE AUTHOR.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Why dost thou build the hall? Son of the winged days!
Thou lookest from thy tower to-day; yet a few years, and
the blast of the desart comes; it howls in thy empty court.

OSSIAN.

1.

THRO' thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my Fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have chok'd up therose, which late bloom'd in the way.

2.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who, proudly, to battle,
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

3.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast, for the war-laurelled wreath;
Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan (1) slumbers;
Unnerv'd is the hand of his minstrel, by death.

(1) Horistan Castle, in Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the Byron Family.

4.

Paul and Hubert too sleep in the valley of Cressy;
For the safety of Edward and England they fell;
My Fathers! the tears of your country redress ye;
How you fought, how you died, still her annals can tell.

5.

On Marston (1), with Rupert (2) 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enriched with their blood the bleak field;
For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

6.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant departing
From the seat of his ancestors bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

7.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation:
The fame of his Fathers he ne'er can forget.

8.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own.

1803.

(1) The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I were defeated.

(2) Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet, in the reign of Charles II.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Αστηρ πριν μεν ελαμπεσ ενι ζωοισιν έωος.

LAERTIUS.

OH! Friend! for ever lov'd, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bath'd thy honour'd bier!
What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
While thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
Thou still hadst liv'd to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight.
If, yet, thy gentle spirit hover nigh
The spot where now thy mould'ring ashes lie,
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
Yet, other offspring sooth his anguish here:
But, who with me shall hold thy former place?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface?
Ah, none! a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary Friendship sighs alone.

1803.

A FRAGMENT.

When, to their airy hall, my Fathers' voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
When, pois'd upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side;
Oh! may my shade behold no sculptur'd urns,
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns:
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone;
My epitaph shall be my name alone:
If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay;
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

THE TEAR.

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix, in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit!

GRAY.

1.

When Friendship or Love
Our sympathies move;
When Truth, in a glance, should appear,
The lips may beguile
With a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a Tear.

2.

Too oft is a smile
But the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation, or fear;
Give me the soft sigh,
Whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd, for a time, with a Tear.

3.

Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shews the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffus'd in a Tear.

4.

The man, doom'd to sail
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer;
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

5.

The Soldier braves death,
For a fanciful wreath,
In Glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe,
When in battle laid low,
And bathes ev'ry wound with a Tear.

6.

If, with high-bounding pride,
He return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear;
All his toils are repaid,
When, embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

7.

Sweet scene of my youth,
Seat of Friendship and Truth,
Where Love chas'd each fast-fleeting year;
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd,
For a last look I turn'd,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

8.

Though my vows I can pour
To my Mary no more,
My Mary, to Love once so dear;
In the shade of her bow'r,
I remember the hour,
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

9.

By another possest,
May she live ever blest,
Her name still my heart must revere;
With a sigh I resign
What I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

10.

Ye friends of my heart,
Ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near;
If again we shall meet,
In this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear!

11.

When my soul wings her flight
To the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier;
As ye pass by the tomb,
Where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

12.

May no marble bestow
The splendour of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame
Shall blazon my name:
All I ask, all I wish, is a Tear.

1806.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Delivered previous to the performance of « The Wheel of Fortune, » at a private theatre.

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage;
Since taste has now expung'd licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an Author writ;
Since, now, to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek;
Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence, though she find not fame.
Still, not for her alone we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect;
To night, no vet'ran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old;
No COOKE, no KEMBLE, can salute you here,
No SIDDONS draw the sympathetic tear;
To-night, you throng to witness the debut
Of embryo actors, to the drama new;
Here, then, our almost unfledg'd wings we try;
Clip not our pinions, ere the birds can fly;
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler, only, fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise,
But all our Dramatis Personæ wait,
In fond suspense, this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward;
For these, each hero all his power displays,
Each timid heroine shrinks before your gaze:

Surely, the last will some protection find,
None to the softer sex can prove unkind;
Whilst Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts naught avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail;
Still, let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF Mr. FOX,

The following illiberal Impromptu appeared in a Morning Paper.

« OUR Nation's foes lament on Fox's death,
« But bless the hour when PITT resign'd his breath;
« These feelings wide let Sense and Truth unclue,
« We give the palm where Justice points its due. »

To which the Author of these Pieces sent the following Reply.

OH! factious viper! whose envenom'd tooth
Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth;
What, tho' our « nation's foes » lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great;
Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him, whose meed exists in endless fame?
When PITT expir'd, in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscur'd his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits « war not with the dead; »

His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumber'd in the grave;
He sunk, an Atlas, bending 'neath the weight
Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state;
When, lo! a Hercules, in Fox, appear'd,
Who, for a time, the ruin'd fabric rear'd;
He, too, is fall'n, who Britain's loss supplied,
With him, our fast reviving hopes have died:
Not one great people only raise his urn,
All Europe's far extended regions mourn.
« These feelings wide let Sense and Truth unclue,
« To give the palm where Justice points its due; »
Yet, let not canker'd calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honour'd marble sleep,
For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes, alike, his talents own;
Fox! shall in Britain's future annals shine,
Nor e'en to PITT, the patriot's palm resign;
Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mas k,
For PITT, and PITT alone, has dar'd to ask.

STANZAS TO A LADY,

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOENS.

I.

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou'lt prize;
It sings of love's enchanting dream,
A theme we never can despise.

2.

Who blames it, but the envious fool,
The old and disappointed maid?
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single sorrow doom'd to fade.

3.

Then read, dear girl, with feeling read,
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those;
To thee, in vain, I shall not plead,
In pity for the Poet's woes.

4.

He was, in sooth, a genuine bard;
His was no faint, fictitious flame;
Like his, may love be thy reward;
But not thy hapless fate the same.

TO M....

1.

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright, but mild affection shine;
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

2.

For thou art form'd so heav'nly fair,
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair:
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

3.

When nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own.

4.

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels might dispute the prize,
She bade a secret lightning lurk
Within those once celestial eyes.

5.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
When gleaming with meridian blaze;
Thy beauty must enrapture all,
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

6.

'Tis said, that Berenice's hair,
In stars adorn the vault of heaven;
But they would ne'er permit thee there,
Thou would'st so far outshine the seven.

7.

For, did those eyes as planets roll,
Thy sister lights would scarce appear:
E'en suns, which systems now control,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

1806.

TO WOMAN.

Woman! experience might have told me,
That all must love thee, who behold thee;
Surely, experience might have taught,
Thy firmest promises are naught;
But, plac'd in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
Oh! Memory! thou choicest blessing,
When join'd with hope, when still possessing;
But, how much curs'd by ev'ry lover,
When hope is fled, and passion's over.
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her;
How throbs the pulse, when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue;
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows;
How quick we credit ev'ry oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth;
Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
When, lo! she changes in a day:
This Record will for ever stand,
« Woman! thy vows are trac'd in sand(1). »

(1) The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

TO M. S. G.

1.

When I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive,
Extend not your anger to sleep;
For, in visions alone, your affection can live,
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

2.

Then, Morpheus! envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign;
Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
What rapture celestial is mine!

3.

They tell us that Slumber, the sister of Death,
Mortality's emblem is given;
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of Heaven.

4.

Ah! frown not, sweet Lady, unbend your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doom'd, but to gaze upon bliss.

5.

Tho' in visions, sweet Lady, perhaps, you may smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient;
When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

SONG.

1.

When I rov'd, a young Highlander, o'er the dark heath,
And climb'd thy steep summit, oh! Morven of Snow (1),
To gaze on the torrent, that thunder'd beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below (2);
Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks, where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear,
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred in you?

2.

Yet, it could not be love, for I knew not the name,
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But, still, I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild:
One image, alone, on my bosom imprest,
I lov'd my bleak regions, nor panted for new,
And few were my wants, for my wishes were blest,
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

(1) Morven, a lofty Mountain in Aberdeenshire: « Gormal of Snow, » is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.

(2) This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains; it is by no means uncommon on attaining the top of Ben e vis, Ben y bourd, etc., to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and, occasionally, accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down on the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.

3.

I arose with the dawn, with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along,
I breasted (1) the billows of *Dee's* (2) rushing tide,
And heard, at a distance, the Highlander's song:
At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view,
And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

4.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone,
The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more;
As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witness'd before;
Ah! splendour has rais'd, but embitter'd my lot,
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew;
Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not forgot,
Tho' cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

5.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen (3);
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene;
When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold,
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty, and you.

(1) « Breasting the lofty surge. » SHAKESPEARE.

(2) The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near Mar Logde, and falls into the sea, at New Aberdeen.

(3) Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

6.

Yet, the day may arrive, when the mountains, once more,
Shall rise to my sight, in their mantles of snow:
ut, while these soar above me, unchanged as before,
Will Mary be there to receive me? ah no!
Adieu! then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred,
Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!
No home in the forest shall shelter my head,
Ah! Mary, what home could be mine, but with you?

TO ——

1.

Oh! yes, I will own we were dear to each other,
The friendships of childhood, tho' fleeting, are true;
The love which you felt, was the love of a brother,
Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

2.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion,
The attachment of years, in a moment, expires;
Like Love too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,
But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.

3.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,
And blest were the scenes of our youth, I allow;
In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather!
But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

4.

No more with affection shall memory blending
The wonted delights of our childhood retrace;
When pride steels the bosom, the heart is unbending,
And what would be justice appears a disgrace.

5.

However, dear S——, for I still must esteem you,
The few, whom I love, I can never upbraid,
The chance, which has lost, may in future redeem you,
Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

6.

I will not complain, and tho' chill'd is affection,
With me no corroding resentment shall live;
My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.

7.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
If danger demanded, were wholly your own;
You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance,
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

8.

You knew,—but away with the vain retrospection,
The bond of affection no longer endures;
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
And sigh for the friend, who was formerly yours.

9.

For the present, we part,—I will hope not for ever,
For time and regret will restore you at last;
To forget our dissention we both should endeavour,
I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

1.

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

2.

Here I can trace the locks of gold,
Which round thy snowy forehead wave;
The cheeks, which sprung from Beauty's mould,
The lips, which made me Beauty's slave.

3.

Here I can trace——ah no! that eye
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
And bid him from the task retire.

4.

Here I behold its beauteous hue,
But where's the beam so sweetly straying,
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
Like Luna o'er the Ocean playing?

5.

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
Save her, who plac'd thee next my heart.

6.

She plac'd it, sad, with needless fear,
Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious, that her image, there,
Held every sense in fast controul.

7.

Thro' hours, thro' years, thro' time, 'twill cheer;
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise;
In life's last conflict 'twill appear,
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

DAMÆTAS.

In law an infant (1), and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy,
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd,
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
Vers'd in hypocrisy while yet a child,
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool,
Old in the world, tho' scarcely broke from school;
Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal, when others just begin;
Ev'n still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;
But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
And, what was once his bliss, appears his bane.

(1) In Law, every person is an infant, who has not attained the age of twenty-one.

TO MARION.

MARION! Why that pensive brow?
What disgust to life hast thou?
Change that discontented air;
Frowns become not one so fair.
'Tis not love disturbs thy rest,
Love's a stranger to thy breast;
He, in dimpling smiles, appears,
Or mourns in sweetly timid tears;
Or bends the languid eyelid down,
But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
Then resume thy former fire,
Some will love, and all admire;
While that icy aspect chills us,
Nought but cool indiff'rence thrills us.
Would'st thou waud'ring hearts beguile,
Smile, at least, or seem to smile;
Eyes, like thine, were never meant
To hide their orbs in dark restraint;
Spite of all, thou fain would'st say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Thy lips,—but here my modest Muse
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse.
She blushes, curtsies, frowns,—in short she
Dreads lest the subject should transport me;
And flying off, in search of reason,
Brings prudence back in proper season.
All I shall, therefore, say, (whate'er
I think, is neither here nor there,)
Is that such lips, of looks endearing,
Were form'd for better things than sneering;

Of soothing compliments divested,
Advice, at least's disinterested;
Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of flatt'ry free;
Counsel, like mine, is as a brother's,
My heart is given to some others;
That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
It shares itself amongst a dozen.
Marion! adieu! oh! prithee slight not
This warning, tho' it may delight not;
And, lest my precepts be displeasing
To those who think remonstrance teazing,
At once, I'll tell thee our opinion,
Concerning woman's soft dominion:
Howe'er we gaze with admiration,
On eyes of blue, or lips carnation;
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
Howe'er those beauties may distract us:
Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
These cannot fix our souls to love;
It is not too severe a stricture,
To say they form a pretty picture.
But would'st thou see the secret chain
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you queens of all creation,
Know, in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.

OSCAR OF ALVA (1).

A TALE.

1.

How sweetly shines, thro' azure skies,
The lamp of Heav'n on Lora's shore;
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the din of arms no more.

2.

But, often has yon rolling moon,
On Alva's casques of silver play'd;
And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd.

3.

And, on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er Ocean's sullen flow,
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low.

4.

While many an eye, which ne'er again,
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray.

(1) The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of « Jeronymo and Lorenzo, » in the first volume of « The Armenian, or Ghost-Seer: » it also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of « Macbeth. »

5.

Once, to those eyes the lamp of Love,
They blest her dear propitious light;
But, now, she glimmer'd from above,
A sad funereal torch of night.

6.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
And grey her towers are seen afar;
No more her heroes urge the chace,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

7.

But, who was last of Alva's clan?
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
They echo to the gale alone.

8.

And, when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall,
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

9.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave;
But, there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

10.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest born;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth,
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

11.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch rais'd its piercing note,
To gladden more their Highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float.

12.

And they, who heard the war-notes wild,
Hop'd that, one day, the pibroch's strain
Should play before the Hero's child,
While he should lead the Tartan train.

13.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son,
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

14.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind;
The boys in childhood chas'd the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

15.

But, ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

16.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it stream'd along the gale;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

17.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth;
Allan had early learn'd controul,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

18.

Both, both were brave; the Saxon spear
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel.

19.

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell;
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

20.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arriv'd a young and noble dame;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-ey'd daughter came:

21.

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smil'd;
It sooth'd the father's feudal pride,
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

22.

Hark! to the Pibroch's pleasing note,
Hark! to the swelling nuptial song;
In joyous strains the voices float,
And, still, the choral peal prolong.

23.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes,
Assembled wave in Alva's hall;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

24.

It is not war their aid demands,
The pibroch plays the song of peace;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

25.

But where is Oscar? sure 'tis late:
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?
While thronging guests and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

26.

At length young Allan join'd the bride:
« Why comes not Oscar? » Angus said:
« Is he not here? » the Youth replied:
« With me he rov'd not o'er the glade.

27.

« Perchance, forgetful of the day,
« 'Tis his to chace the bounding roe;
« Or Ocean's waves prolong his stay,
« Yet, Oscar's bark is seldom slow. »

28.

« Oh! no! » the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,
« Nor chace, nor wave my boy delay;
« Would he to Mora seem unkind?
« Would aught to her impede his way?

29.

« Oh! search, ye Chiefs! oh! search around!
« Allan, with these, thro' Alva fly;
« Till Oscar, till my son is found,
« Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply. »

30.

All is confusion,—through the vale,
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murm'ring gale,
Till Night expands her dusky wings.

31.

It breaks the stillness of the night,
But echoes through her shades in vain;
It sounds through morning's misty light,
But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

32.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the chief
For Oscar search'd each mountain cave;
Then hope is lost, in boundless grief,
His locks in grey-torn ringlets wave.

33.

« Oscar! my son!—Thou God of Heaven!
« Restore the prop of sinking age;
« Or, if that hope no more is given,
« Yield his assassin to my rage.

34.

« Yes, on some desart rocky shore
« My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie;
« Then grant, thou God! I ask no more,
« With him his frantic sire may die!

35.

« Yet, he may live,—away despair !
« Be calm, my soul ! he yet may live;
« T' arraign my fate, my voice forbear,
« O God ! my impious prayer forgive.

36.

« What, if he live for me no more,
« I sink forgotten in the dust,
« The hope of Alva's age is o'er,
« Alas ! can pangs like these be just ? »

37.

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till Time, who soothes severest woe,
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

38.

For, still, some latent hope surviv'd
That Oscar might once more appear;
His hope now droop'd, and now reviv'd,
Till Time had told a tedious year.

39.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light
Again had run his destin'd race;
No Oscar bless'd his father's sight,
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

40.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,
And, now, his father's only joy:
And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,
For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

41.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
And Allan's face was wond'rous fair;
If Oscar liv'd, some other maid
Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care.

42.

And Angus said, if one year more
In fruitless hope was pass'd away,
His fondest scruples should be o'er,
And he would name their nuptial day.

43.

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last,
Arriv'd the dearly destin'd morn;
The year of anxious trembling past,
What smiles the lover's cheeks adorn!

44.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And, still, the choral peal prolong.

45.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,
Throng thro' the gate of Alva's hall;
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud;
And all their former joy recall.

46.

But, who is he, whose darken'd brow
Glooms in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eyes far fiercer glow
The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

47.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
And tall his plume of gory red;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and trackless is his tread.

48.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaft;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

49.

Sudden the stranger chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

50.

« Old man! » he cried, « this pledge is done,
« Thou saw'st 'twas duly drank by me,
« It hail'd the nuptials of thy son,
« Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

51.

« While all around is mirth and joy,
« To bless thy Allan's happy lot;
« Say, hadst thou ne'er another boy?
« Say, why should Oscar be forgot? »

52.

« Alas! » the hapless sire replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke;
« When Oscar left my hall, or died,
« This aged heart was almost broke.

53.

« Thrice has the earth revolv'd her course
« Since Oscar's form has blest my sight;
« And Allan is my last resource,
« Since martial Oscar's death, or flight. »

54.

« 'Tis well,» replied the stranger stern,
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye,
« Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn,
« Perhaps the Hero did not die.

55.

« Perchance, if those, whom most he lov'd,
« Would call, thy Oscar might return ;
« Perchance, the chief has only rov'd,
« For him thy Beltane,* yet, may burn.

56.

« Fill high the bowl, the table round,
« We will not claim the pledge by stealth ;
« With wine let every cup be crown'd,
« Pledge me departed Oscar's health. »

57.

« With all my soul, » old Angus said,
And fill'd his goblet to the brim ;
« Here's to my boy ! alive or dead,
« I ne'er shall find a son like him. »

58.

« Bravely, old man, this health has sped,
« But why does Allan trembling stand?
« Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
« And raise thy cup with firmer hand. »

59.

The crimson glow of Allan's face
Was turn'd at once to ghastly hue ;
The drops of death each other chase,
Adown in agonizing dew.

(1) Beltane-Tree. — A Highland festival, on the first of may, held near fires lighted for the occasion.

60.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
And thrice his lips refused to taste;
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye,
On his with deadly fury plac'd.

61.

« And is it thus a brother hails
« A brother's fond remembrance here?
« If thus affection's strength prevails,
« What might we not expect from fear? »

62.

Rous'd by the sneer, he rais'd the bowl:
« Would Oscar now could share our mirth! »
Internal fear appall'd his soul,
He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

63.

« 'Tis he! I hear my murderer's voice, »
Loud shricks a darkly gleaming form;
« A murderer's voice! » the roof replies,
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

64.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew
A form was seen, in tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew.

65.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round,
His plume of sable stream'd on high;
But his breast was bare, with the red wounds there,
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

66.

And thrice he smil'd, with his eye so wild,
On Angus bending low the knee;
And thrice he frown'd, on a chief on the ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

67.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole,
The thunders through the welkin ring;
And the gleaming form, through the mist of the storm,
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

68.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceas'd;
Who lies upon the stony floor?
Oblivion prest old Angus's breast,
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

69.

« Away, away, let the leech essay,
« To pour the light on Allan's eyes; »
His sand is done,—his race is run,
Oh! never more shall Allan rise!

70.

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
His locks are lifted by the gale;
And Allan's barbed arrow lay,
With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

71.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
Or who, no mortal wight can tell;
But no one doubts the form of flame,
For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

72.

Ambition nerv'd young Allan's hand,
Exulting demons wing'd his dart,
While Envy wav'd her burning brand,
And pour'd her venom round his heart.

73.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow:
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side?
Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
The dart has drunk his vital tide..

74.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,
She bade his wounded pride rebel:
Alas! that eyes, which beam'd with love,
Should urge the soul to deeds of Hell.

75.

Lo! see'st thou not a lonely tomb,
Which rises o'er a warrior dead?
It glimmers thro' the twilight gloom;
Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

76.

Far, distant far, the noble grave,
Which held his clan's great ashes, stood;
And o'er his corse no banners wave,
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

77.

What minstrel grey, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?
The song is glory's chief reward,
But who can strike a murd'rer's praise?

78.

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
No minstrel dare the theme awake;
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
His harp in shuddering chords would break.

79.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
Shall sound his glories high in air,
A dying father's bitter curse,
A brother's death-groan echoes there.

TO THE DUKE OF D.

D—R—T! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,
Exploring every path of Ida's glade,
Whom, still, affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend;
Tho' the harsh custom of our youthful band,
Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command
Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower
The gift of riches, and the pride of power;
Even now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.
Yet, D—r—t, let not this seduce thy soul,
To shun fair science, or evade controul;
Tho' passive tutors, (1) fearful to dispraise
The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.

When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee!
And, even in simple boyhood's opening dawn,
Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn;
When these declare, « that pomp alone should wait
« On one by birth predestin'd to be great;
« That books were only meant for drudging fools,
« That gallant spirits scorn the common rules; »
Believe them not,—they point the path to shame,
And seek to blast the honours of thy name:
Turn to the few, in Ida's early throng,
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong;

(1) Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant; I merely mention, generally, what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

Or, if amidst the comrades of thy youth,
None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
Ask thine own heart! 'twill bid thee, boy, forbear,
For *well* I know, that virtue lingers there.

Yes! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,
But, now new scenes invite me far away;
Yes! I have mark'd, within that generous mind,
A soul, if well matur'd, to bless mankind;
Ah! tho', myself, by nature haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child;
Tho' ev'ry error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
Tho' my proud heart no precept, now, can tame,
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.
'Tis not enough, with other sons of power,
To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour,
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names, that grace no page beside;
Then share with titled crowds the common lot,
In life just gaz'd at, in the grave forgot;
While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herald's roll,
That well-emblazon'd, but neglected scroll,
Where lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may find
One spot to leave a worthless name behind;—
There sleep, unnotic'd as the gloomy vaults,
That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults;
A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
In records, destin'd never to be read.
Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes,
Exalted more among the good and wise;

A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in rank, the first in talent too;
Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun,
Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son!

Turn to the annals of a former day,
Bright are the deeds, thine earlier sires display;
One, tho' a courtier, liv'd a man of worth,
And call'd, proud boast! the British Drama forth (1).
Another view! not less renown'd for wit.
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit;
Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine,
In ev'ry splendid part ordain'd to shine;
Far, far, distinguish'd from the glitt'ring throng,
The pride of Princes, and the boast of Song (2).
Such were thy fathers, thus preserve their name,
Not heir to titles only, but to fame.
The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close,
To me, this little scene of joys and woes;
Each knell of Time now warns me to resign
Shades, where hope, peace, and friendship, all were mine;
Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
And gild their pinions, as the moments flew;

(1) « Thomas S—k—lle, Lord B—k—st, created Earl of « D— by James the First, was one of the earliest and « brightest ornaments to the poetry of his country, and « the first who produced a regular drama. »

ANDERSON'S BRITISH POETS.

(2) Charles S—k—lle, Earl of D——, esteemed the most accomplished man of his day, was alike distinguished in the voluptuous court of Charles II, and the gloomy one of William III. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1665, on the day previous to which he composed his celebrated song. His character has been drawn in the highest colours by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and Congreve. Vide Anderson's British Poets.

Peace, that reflection never frown'd away,
By dreams of ill, to cloud some future day;
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell,
Alas! they love not long, who love so well.
To these adieu! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding, slowly, thro' the dark-blue deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

D—r—t! farewell! I will not ask one part
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart;
The coming morrow from thy youthful mind,
Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.
And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
Since chance has thrown us in the self-same sphere,
Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,
May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
We hence may meet, and pass each other by
With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.
For me, in future, neither friend or foe,
A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe;
With thee no more again I hope to trace
The recollection of our early race;
No more, as once, in social hours, rejoice,
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice.
Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught
To veil those feelings, which, perchance, it ought;
If these,—but let me cease the lengthen'd strain,
Oh! if these wishes are not breath'd in vain,
The Guardian Seraph, who directs thy fate,
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL, WHEN DYING.

ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

TRANSLATION.

AH! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring Sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region born,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more, with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIAM.

EQUAL to Jove, that youth must be,
Greater than Jove, he seems to me,
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms;
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth, from whence such music flows,
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserv'd for him, and him alone.
Ah! Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee;
But, at the sight, my senses fly;
I needs must gaze, but gazing die;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd, to the throat, my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support;
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly langour droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing;
My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veil'd in starless night;
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION
OF
THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS,
BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

He, who, sublime, in Epic numbers roll'd,
And he, who struck the softer lyre of lov
By Death's (1) unequal hand alike control'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS
LUCTUS DE MORTE PASSERIS.

Ye Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's fav'rite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she lov'd;
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom mov'd:

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air;
But chirrup'd oft, and free from care,
Tun'd to her ear his grateful strain.

(1) The hand of Death is said to be unjust, or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus, at his decease.

Now having pass'd the gloomy bourn,
From whence he never can return,
His death, and Lesbia's grief, I mourn,
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save,
For thou hast ta'en the bird away:
From thee, my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow,
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

Oh! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire;
Still, would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss;
Nor then my soul should sated be,
Still, would I kiss, and cling to thee:
Nought should my kiss from thine dissever,
Still, would we kiss, and kiss for ever;
E'en though the number did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed;
To part would be a vain endeavour,
Could I desist?—ah! never—never.

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

TO HIS LYRE.

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre
To deeds of fame, and notes of fire;
To echo from its rising swell,
How heroes fought, and nations fell;
When Atreus' sons advanc'd to war,
Or Tyrian Cadmus rov'd afar;
But, still, to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to Love alone.
Fir'd with the hope of future fame,
I seek some nobler hero's name;
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war my harp is due;
With glowing strings, the epic strain,
To Jove's great son I raise again;
Alcides, and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds;
All, all in vain, my wayward lyre
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
Adieu! ye chiefs renown'd in arms:
Adieu! the clang of war's alarms!
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung;
My harp shall all its powers reveal,
To tell the tale my heart must feel;
Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss, and sighs of flame.

ODE III.

'Twas now the hour, when Night had driven
Her car half round yon sable heaven;
Bootes, only, seem'd to roll
His arctic charge around the pole;
While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to smile, or ceas'd to weep;
At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
Descending from the realms of joy,
Quick to my gate directs his course,
And knocks with all his little force;
My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,
« What stranger breaks my blest repose? »
« Alas! » replies the wily child,
In faultering accents, sweetly mild;
» A hapless infant here I roam,
« Far from my dear maternal home;
« Oh! shield me from the wint'ry blast,
« The nightly storm is pouring fast;
« No prowling robber lingers here.
« A wandering baby, who can fear? »
I heard his seeming artless tale,
I heard his sighs upon the gale;
My breast was never pity's foe,
But felt for all the baby's woe;
I drew the bar, and by the light,
Young Love, the infant, met my sight;
His bow across his shoulders flung,
And thence his fatal quiver hung,
(Ah! little did I think the dart
Would rankle soon within my heart;)

With care I tend my weary guest,
His little fingers chill my breast;
His glossy curls, his azure wing,
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring;
His shivering limbs the embers warm,
And now, reviving from the storm,
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
Than swift he seiz'd his slender bow:
« I fain would know, my gentle host, »
He cried, « if this its strength has lost;
« I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
« The strings their former aid refuse: »
With poison tipt, his arrow flies,
Deep in my tortur'd heart it lies:
Then loud the joyous urchin laught,
« My bow can still impel the shaft;
« 'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it,
« Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it? »

FRAGMENTS OF SCHOOL EXERCISES,

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF OESCHYLUS.

GREAT Jove! to whose almighty throne
Both gods and mortals homage pay,
Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
Oft shall the sacred victim fall
In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall;
My voice shall raise no impious strain
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

How different now thy joyless fate,
Since first Hesione thy bride,
When plac'd aloft in godlike state,
The blushing beauty by thy side,
Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smil'd,
And mirthful strains the hours beguil'd;
The Nymphs and Tritons danc'd around,
Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless frown'd.

Harrow, Dec. 1, 1804.

THE EPISODE

OF NISUS AND EURYALUS.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. IX.

Nisus, the guardian of the portal, stood,
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;
Well skill'd in fight, the quivering lance to wield,
Or pour his arrows thro' th' embattl'd field;
From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave;
To watch the movements of the Daunian host,
With him, Euryalus sustains the post,
No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet grac'd the gallant boy;
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
'Twas his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share,
A soul heroic, as his form was fair;
These burn with one pure flame of gen'rous love,
In peace, in war, united still they move;

Friendship and glory form their joint reward,
And now combin'd, they hold the nightly guard.

« What God! » exclaim'd the first, « instils this fire?
« Or, in itself a God, what great desire?
« My lab'ring soul, with anxious thought opprest,
« Abhors this station of inglorious rest;
« The love of fame with this can ill accord,
« Be't mine, to seek for glory with my sword.
« See'st thou yon camp, with torches twinkling dim,
« Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?
« Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
« And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign?
« Then hear my thought:—In deep and sullen grief,
« Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief;
« Now could the gifts and promis'd prize be thine,
« (The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine;)
« Were this decreed;—beneath yon rising mound,
« Methinks, an easy path, perchance, were found,
« Which past, I speed my way to Pallas' walls,
« And lead Æneas from Evander's halls. »

With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
His glowing friend address'd the Dardan boy:
« These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone?
« Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own?
« Am I by thee despis'd, and left afar,
« As one unfit to share the toils of war?
« Not thus, his son, the great Opheltes taught,
« Not thus, my Sire, in Argive combats fought;
« Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
« I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate;
« Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear,
« And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear;

« Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
« And *life*, ignoble *life*, for *Glory* spurns ;
« Fame, fame, is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath,
« The price of honour is the sleep of death. »
Then Nisus,—« Calm thy bosom's fond alarms,
« Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms ;
« More dear thy worth and valour than my own,
« I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne !
« So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
« And clasp again the comrade of my youth.
« But should I fall, and he who dares advance
« Through hostile legions, must abide by chance ;
« If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
« Should lay the friend who ever lov'd thee low ;
« Live thou, such beauties I would fain preserve,
« Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve ;
« When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
« Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me ;
« Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
« Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse :
« Or, if my destiny these last deny,
« If, in the spoiler's power, my ashes lie ;
« Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
« To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
« Why should thy doating, wretched mother weep
« Her only boy, reclin'd in endless sleep ?
« Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dar'd,
« Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shar'd ;
« Who brav'd what woman never brav'd before,
« And left her native for the Latian shore. »
« In vain you damp the ardour of my soul, »
Reply'd Eurialus, « it scorns controul ;
« Hence, let us haste, »—their brother guards arose,
Rous'd by their call, nor court again repose ;

The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing,
Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.
Now, o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,
And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man;
Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold
Alternate converse, and their plans unfold;
On one great point the council are agreed,
An instant message to their prince decreed;
Each lean'd upon the lance, he well could wield,
And pois'd, with easy arm, his ancient shield;
When Nisus and his friend their leave request
To offer something to their high behest.
With anxious tremors, yet unaw'd by fear,
The faithful pair before the throne appear;
Iulus greets them; at his kind command,
The elder first address'd the hoary band.

« With patience, » thus Hyrtacides began,
« Attend, nor judge, from youth, our humble plan;
« Where yonder beacons half expiring beam,
« Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,
« Nor heed, that we a secret path have trac'd,
« Between the Ocean, and the portal plac'd:
« Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
« Whose shade, securely, our design will cloak.
« If you, ye Chiefs, and Fortune will allow,
« We'll bend our course to yonder mountain's brow,
« Where Pallas' walls, at distance, meet the sight,
« Seen o'er the glade, when not obscur'd by night;
« Then shall Æneas in his pride return,
« While hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn;
« And Latian spoils, and purpl'd heaps of dead,
« Shall mark the havock of our hero's tread;

« Such is our purpose, not unknown the way,
« Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray:
« Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
« The distant spires above the vallies gleam. »

Mature in years, for sober wisdom fam'd,
Mov'd by the speech, Alethes here exclaim'd:
« Ye parent Gods! who rule the fate of Troy,
« Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy;
« When minds like these, in striplings thus ye raise,
« Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise;
« In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
« And Ilion's wonted glories still survive. »
Then, in his warm embrace, the boys he press'd,
And quivering strain'd them to his aged breast;
With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,
And sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd: —
« What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize
« Can we bestow, which you may not despise?
« Our deities the first, best boon have given,
« Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.
« What poor rewards can bless your deeds on earth,
« Doubtless, await such young exalted worth;
« Æneas, and Ascanius shall combine
« To yield applause, far, far surpassing mine. »
Iulus then; « By all the powers above!
« By those Penates (1), who my country love;
« By hoary Vesta's sacred fane, I swear,
« My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair!
« Restore my father to my grateful sight,
« And all my sorrows yield to one delight.

(1) Household gods.

« Nisus ! two silver goblets are thine own,
« Sav'd from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown ;
« My sire secured them on that fatal day,
« Nor left such bowls, an Argive robber's prey.
« Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine,
« Two talents polished from the glittering mine ;
« An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
« While yet our vessels press'd the Punic wave ;
« But, when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
« When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
« The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed
« Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed,
« Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,
« I pledge my word, irrevocably past ;
« Nay more, twelve slaves and twice six captive dames,
« To sooth thy softer hours with amorous flames,
« And all the realms which now the Latins sway,
« The labours of to-night, shall well repay.
« But thou, my generous youth, whose tender years,
« Are near my own, whose worth my heart reveres,
« Henceforth, affection sweetly thus begun,
« Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one ;
« Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine,
« Without thy dear advice, no great design;
« Alike, through life esteem'd, thou godlike boy,
« In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy. »

To him Euryalus : « No day shall shame
« The rising glories, which from this I claim.
« Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown,
« But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
« Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
« One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart :

« My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,
« Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,
« Nor Troy, nor King Acestes' realms restrain
« Her feeble age from dangers of the main ;
« Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
« A bright example of maternal love.
« Unknown, the secret enterprize I brave,
« Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave :
« From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
« No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek ;
« By gloomy Night, and thy right hand, I vow
« Her parting tears would shake my purpose now :
« Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
« In thee her much-lov'd child may live again ;
« Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
« Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress :
« So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
« To rise in glory, or to fall in fame. »
Struck with a filial care, so deeply felt,
In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt ;
Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow ;
Such love was his, and such had been his woe.
« All thou hast ask'd receive, » the Prince repli'd,
« Nor this alone, but many a gift beside ;
« To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
« Creusa's (1) style, but wanting to the dame ;
« Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
« But blest thy mother in so dear a son.
« Now, by my life, my Sire's most sacred oath,
« To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,

(1) The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

« All the rewards, which once to thee were vow'd,
« If thou should'st fall, on her shall be bestow'd. »
Thus spoke the weeping Prince, then forth to view,
A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew;
Lycaon's utmost skill had grac'd the steel,
For friends to envy and for foes to feel.
A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
Slain midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,
And old Alethes' casque defends his brows;
Arm'd, thence they go, while all the assembled train,
To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain;
More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place;
His prayers he sends, but what can prayers avail,
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale?

The trench is past, and, favour'd by the night,
Thro' sleeping foes they wheel their wary flight.
When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er?
Alas! some slumber, who shall wake no more!
Chariots and bridles, mix'd with arms are seen,
And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops between;
Bacchus and Mars, to rule the camp combine,
A mingled chaos this, of war and wine.
« Now, » cries the first, « for deeds of blood prepare,
« With me the conquest, and the labour share;
« Here lies our path; lest any hand arise,
« Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies;
« I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
« And clear thy road with many a deadly blow. »
His whispering accents then the youth represt,
And pierc'd proud Rhamnes through his panting breast;

Stretch'd at his ease, th' incautious king repos'd.
Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had clos'd;
To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
His omens more than augur's skill evince;
But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.
Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell:
The charioteer, along his courser's sides
Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides;
And last, his Lord is number'd with the dead,
Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;
From the swol'n veins, the blackening torrents pour,
Stain'd is the couch and earth, with clotting gore.
Young Lamyrus and Lamus next expire,
And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire;
Half the long night in childish games was past,
Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last;
Ah! happier far, had he the morn survey'd,
And, 'till Aurora's dawn, his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd folds, the keepers lost in sleep,
His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep;
'Mid the sad flock, at dead of night, he prowls,
With murder glutted, and in carnage rolls;
Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams,
In seas of gore, the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feeble crowds without a name;
His wound, unconscious Fadus scarce can feel,
Yet, wakeful Rhæsus sees the threat'ning steel;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
And, vainly, in the weak defence confides;

Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his veins,
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
Thro' wine and blood, commingling as they flow,
The feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
Now, where Messapus dwelt, they bend their way,
Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray;
There, unconfin'd, behold each grazing steed,
Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed;
Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest warm:
« Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is past,
« Full foes enough, to-night, have breath'd their last;
« Soon will the day those Eastern clouds adorn,
« Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn. »

What silver arms, with various arts emboss'd;
What bowls and mantles, in confusion toss'd,
They leave regardless! yet, one glittering prize
Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes;
The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt;
This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
Once by a line of former chieftains worn.
Th' exulting boy, the studded girdle wears,
Messapus' helm his head, in triumph, bears;
Then from the tents their cautious steps they bend,
To seek the vale, where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
To Turnus' camp, pursue their destin'd course;
While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
The knights, impatient, spur along the way:
Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led,
To Turnus, with their master's promise sped;

Now, they approach the trench, and view the walls,
When, on the left, a light reflection falls,
The plunder'd helmet, through the waning night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright;
Volscens, with question loud, the pair alarms—
« Stand, stragglers! stand! why early thus in arms?
« From whence? to whom? » He meets with no reply,
Trusting the covert of the night, they fly;
The thicket's depth, with hurried pace, they tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene;
Euryalus, his heavy spoils impede,
The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead;
But Nisus scours along the forest's maze,
To where Latinus' steeds, in safety graze,
Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
On ev'ry side, they seek his absent friend.
« O God! my boy, » he cries, « of me bereft,
« In what impending perils art thou left! »
Listening he runs—above the waving trees,
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze;
The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.
Again he turns—of footsteps hears the noise,
The sound elates—the sight his hope destroys,
The hapless boy, a ruffian train surround,
While lengthening shades his weary way confound;
Him, with loud shouts, the furious knights pursue,
Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers dare?
Ah! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share!

What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey!
His life a votive ransom nobly give,
Or die with him for whom he wish'd to live!
Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
On Luna's orb he cast his phrenzied eye:
« Goddess serene, transcending every star!
« Queen of the sky! whose beams are seen afar;
« By night, Heaven owns thy sway; by day, the grove;
« When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove;
« If e'er myself or sire have sought to grace
« Thine altars with the produce of the chace;
« Speed, speed, my dart, to pierce yon vaunting crowd,
« To free my friend, and scatter far the proud. »
Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung;
Through parted shades the hurtling weapon sung;
The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay:
He sobs, he dies;—the troop, in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze;
While pale they stare, thro' Tagus' temples riven,
A second shaft with equal force is driven;
Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes,
Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall;
« Thou youth accurst; thy life shall pay for all. »
Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive he drew,
And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.
Nisus, no more the blackening shade conceals,
Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals;
Aghast, confus'd, his fears to madness rise,
And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies:
« Me, me, your vengeance hurl on me alone,
« Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own;

« Ye starry Spheres! thou conscious Heaven attest!
« He could not—durst not—lo! the guile confest!
« All, all was mine—his early fate suspend,
« He only lov'd, too well, his hapless friend;
« Spare, spare, ye chiefs! from him your rage remove,
« His fault was friendship, all his crime was love. »
He pray'd in vain, the dark assassin's sword
Pierc'd the fair side, the snowy bosom gor'd;
Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad crest,
And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast:
As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
Languid in death, expires beneath the share;
Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
Declining gently, falls a fading flower;
Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
Revenge his leader, and Despair his guide;
Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,
Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost;
Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on foe,
Rage nerves his arm, Fate gleams in every blow;
In vain, beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds;
In viewless circles wheel'd his falchion flies,
Nor quits the hero's grasp, till Volscens dies;
Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,
The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the wound.
Thus Nisus all his fond affection prov'd,
Dying, reveng'd the fate of him he lov'd;
Then on his bosom, sought his wonted place,
And death was heavenly, in his friend's embrace!

Celestial pair! if aught my verse can claim,
Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame!
Ages on ages shall your fate admire;
No future day shall see your names expire;
While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!
And vanquish'd millions hail their Empress, Rome!

TRANSLATION

FROM

THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

1.

When fierce conflicting passions urge
The breast where love is wont to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy surge,
Which rolls the tide of human woe?
The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortur'd breast no more;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

2.

But, if affection gently thrills
The soul, by purer dreams possest,
In love can sooth the aching breast,
If thus, thou com'st in gentle guise,
Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
What heart, unfeeling would despise
The sweetest boon the gods have given?

3.

But, never from thy golden bow,
May I beneath the shaft expire,
Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
Awakes an all-consuming fire;
Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
With others wage eternal war;
Repentance! source of future tears,
From me be ever distant far.

4.

May no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love!
May all the hours be wing'd with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above!
Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine,
May I with some fond lover sigh!
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine,
With me to live, with me to die.

5.

My native soil! belov'd before,
Now dearer, as my peaceful home,
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore
A hapless, banish'd wretch to roam;
This very day, this very hour,
May I resign this fleeting breath,
Nor quit my silent, humble bower;
A doom, to me, far worse than death.

6.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh?
And seen the exile's silent tear?
Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,
A pensive, weary wand'rer here;
Ah! hapless dame! (1) no sire bewails,
No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
No kindred voice with rapture hails
Thy steps, within a stranger's doors.

7.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,
To fair affection's truth unknown,
Bids her, he fondly lov'd, depart,
Unpitied, helpless, and alone!
Who ne'er unlocks, with silver key (2),
The milder treasures of his soul;
May such a friend be far from me,
And Ocean's storms between us roll!

(1) Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The Chorus, from which this is taken, here address Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

(2) The original is « Καθαραν ἀνοίξαντι Κληίδα φρενῶν : » literally, « Disclosing the bright key of the mind. »

FUGITIVE PIECES.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED

BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
MAGNUS (1) his ample front sublime uprears;
Plac'd on his chair of state, he seems a God,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod;
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice, in thunder, shakes the sounding dome;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth! in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little vers'd in any art beside;
Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
Scans attic metres, with a critic's ken.
What! though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord pil'd the fields with dead;
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France;

(1) No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office: indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety, with which he fills his situation, as he was, in his younger days, for wit and conviviality.

Though, marv'li ng at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet, well he recollects the laws of Sparta;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf, neglected laid;
Of Grecian dramas vauuts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard, remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth, whose scientific pate,
Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await;
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But, lo! no common orator can hope,
The envied silver cup within his scope:
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th' ATHENIAN's glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear or warm is useless, since
We do not try, by speaking, to convince;
Be other orators of pleasing proud,
We speak, to please ourselves, not move the crowd:
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan;
No borrow'd grace of action must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the Dean;
Whilst ev'ry staring Graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate.

The man, who hopes t' obtain the promis'd cup,
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;
Nor stop, but rattle over every word,
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard:
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest;
Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best:
Who utters most within the shortest space,
May, safely, hope to win the wordy race.

The Sons of science, these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease, in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where on Cam's sedgy banks, supine, they lie,
Unknown, unhonour'd live,—unwept for, die;
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls;
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise;
Yet prizing BENTLEY'S, BRUNCK'S (1), or PORSON'S (2) note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote;
Vain as their honours, heavy as their Ale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale,
To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel,
When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
With eager haste, they court the lord of power,
Whether 'tis PITT or P—TTY rules the hour (3):
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
While distant mitres to their eyes are spread;
But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
They'd fly to seek the next, who fill'd his place:
Such are the men who learning's treasures guard,
Such is their practice, such is their reward;
This much, at least, we may presume to say;
The premium cann't exceed the price they pay.

1806.

(1) Celebrated Critics.

(2) The present Greek Professor at Trinity College, Cambridge; a man, whose powers of mind and writings, may, perhaps justify their preference.

(3) Since this was written, Lord H. P——y has lost his place, and subsequently (I had almost said CONSEQUENTLY), the honour of representing the University; a fact so glaring requires no comment.

TO THE EARL OF ——.

Tu semper amoris
« Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat Imago. »
VALERIUS FLACCUS.

1.

FRIEND of my youth! when young we rov'd,
Like striplings mutually belov'd,
With Friendship's purest glow;
The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours
Was such as pleasure seldom showers
On mortals here below.

2.

The recollection seems, alone,
Dearer than all the joys I've known,
When distant far from you;
Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
To trace those days and hours again,
And sigh again, adieu!

3.

My pensive mem'ry lingers o'er
Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,
Those scenes regretted ever;
The measure of our youth is full,
Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
And we may meet—ah! never!

4.

As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams, which from one fountain rise,
Together join'd in vain;
How soon, diverging from their source,
Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
Till mingled in the main.

5.

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
Though near, alas! distinctly flow,
Nor mingle as before;
Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
Till death's unfathom'd gulph appear,
And both shall quit the shore.

6.

Our souls, my Friend! which once supplied
One wish, nor breath'd a thought beside,
Now flow in different channels;
Disdaining humbler rural sports,
'Tis yours to mix in polish'd courts,
And shine in Fashion's annals.

7.

'Tis mine to waste on love my time,
Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
Without the aid of Reason;
For Sense and Reason, (critics know it,)
Have quitted every amorous poet,
Nor left a thought to seize on.

8.

Poor LITTLE! sweet, melodious bard!
Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard,
That he, who sang before all;
He who the love of love expanded,
By dire Reviewers should be branded,
As void of wit and moral (1).

9.

And yet, while beauty's praise is thine,
Harmonious favourite of the Nine!
Repine not at thy lot;
Thy soothing lays may still be read,
When Persecution's arm is dead,
And critics are forgot.

10.

Still, I must yield those worthies merit,
Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,
Bad rhymes, and those who write them;
And though myself may be the next,
By critic sarcasm to be vext,
I really will not fight them (2);

(1) These stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a severe critique in a Northern review, on a new publication of the British Anacreon.

(2) A Bard, (Horresco referens,) defied his reviewer to mortal combat. If this example becomes prevalent, our periodical censors must be dipt in the river Styx; for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enaged assailants.

11.

Perhaps, they would do quite as well,
To break the rudely sounding shell
Of such a young beginner;
He who offends at pert nineteen,
Ere thirty may become, I ween,
A very harden'd sinner.

12.

Now——— I must return to you,
And sure apologies are due,
Accept then my concession;
In truth, dear———, in fancy's flight,
I soar along from left to right,
My Muse admires digression.

13.

I think, I said, 'twould be your fate
To add one star to royal state,
May regal smiles attend you;
And should a noble Monarch reign,
You will not seek his smiles in vain,
If worth can recommend you.

14.

Yet, since in danger courts abound,
Where specious rivals glitter round,
From snares may saints preserve you;
And grant, your love or friendsip ne'er
From any claim a kindred care,
But those who best deserve you.

15.

Not for a moment may you stray
From Truth's secure unerring way,
May no delights decoy;
O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
Your tears be tears of joy.

16.

Oh! if you wish that happiness
Your coming days and years may bless;
And virtues crown your brow:
Be, still, as you were wont to be,
Spotless as you've been known to me,
Be, still, as you are now.

17.

And though some trifling share of praise,
To cheer my last declining days,
To me were doubly dear;
Whilst blessing your beloved name,
I'd *wave* at once a *Poet's* fame,
To *prove* a *Prophet here.*

GRANTA,

A MEDLEY.

Αργυρεαις λογχαισι μαχου και παντα Κρατησαις.

1.

Oh! could Le Sage's (1) demon's gift
Be realiz'd at my desire;
This night my trembling form he'd lift,
To place it on St. Mary's spire.

2.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
Pedantic inmates full display;
Fellows, who dream on lawn, or stalls,
The price of venal votes to pay.

3.

Then would I view each rival wight,
P—tty and P—lm—s—n survey;
Who canvass there, with all their might,
Against the next elective day.

4.

Lo! candidates and voters lie,
All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number!
A race renown'd for piety,
Whose conscience wont disturb their slumber.

(1) The Diable Boiteux of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the Demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for his inspection.

5.

Lord H———, indeed, may not demur,
Fellows are sage, reflecting men;
They know preferment can occur,
But very seldom, now and then.

6.

They know the Chancellor has got
Some pretty livings in disposal;
Each hopes that one may be his lot,
And, therefore, smiles on his proposal.

7.

Now, from the soporific scene,
I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
To view, unheeded, and unseen,
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

8.

There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes,
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

9.

He, surely, well deserves to gain them,
With all the honours of his college,
Who striving hardly to obtain them,
Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge.

10.

Who sacrifices hours of rest,
To scan, precisely, metres Attic;
Or agitates his anxious breast,
In solving problems mathematic.

11.

Who reads false quantities in Sele (1),
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Depriv'd of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous latin (2), doom'd to wrangle.

12.

Renouncing every pleasing page,
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the letter'd sage,
The square of the hypothenuse (3).

13.

Still, harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compar'd with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent.

(1) Sele's publication on Greek metres, displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

(2) The Latin of the schools is of the CANINE SPECIES, and not very intelligible.

(3) The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right angled triangle.

14.

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
When vice and infamy combine;
When drunkenness and dice unite,
And every sense is steep'd in wine.

15.

Not so the methodistic crew,
Who plans of reformation lay:
In humble attitude they sue,
And for the sins of others pray.

16.

Forgetting, that their pride of spirit,
Their exultation in their trial,
Detracts most largely from the merit
Of all their boasted self-denial.

17.

'Tis morn,—from these I turn my sight:
What scene is this which meets the eye?
A numerous crowd array'd in white (1),
Across the green in numbers fly.

18.

Loud rings, in air, the chapel bell;
'Tis hush'd: What sounds are these I hear?
The organ's soft celestial swell,
Rolls deeply on the listening ear.

(1) On a saint day, the students wear surplices in chapel.

19.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
The royal minstrel's hallowed strain;
Though he, who hears the music long,
Will never wish to hear again.

20.

Our choir would scarcely be excus'd,
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy, now, must be refus'd,
To such a set of croaking sinners.

21.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us, his psalms had ne'er descended,
In furious mood, he would have tore 'em.

22.

The luckless Israelites, when taken,
By some inhuman tyrant's order,
Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
On Babylonian river's border.

23.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,
Inspir'd by stratagem or fear;
They might have set their hearts at ease,
The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

24.

But, if I scribble longer now,
The deuce a soul will stay to read;
My pen is blunt, my ink is low,
'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

25.

Therefore, farewell, old GRANTA's spires,
No more, like Cleofas, I fly;
No more thy theme my Muse inspires,
The reader's tir'd, and so am I.

LACHIN Y. GAIR.

LACHIN Y. GAIR, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, LOCH NA GARR, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld.

One of our modern Tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in GREAT BRITAIN; be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our « Caledonian Alps. » Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows: near Lachin y. Gair, I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to the following stanzas.—

1.

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you, let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
Tho' still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia, belov'd are thy mountains,
Round their white summits tho' elements war,
Tho' cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

2.

Ah! there my young footsteps, in infancy, wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid (1);
On chieftains, long perish'd, my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode thro' the pine-cover'd glade;

(1) This word is erroneously pronounced PLAD, the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shewn by the orthography.

I sought not my home, till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For Fancy was cheer'd, by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

3.

« Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
« Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale? »
Surely, the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale:
Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds, there, encircle the forms of my fathers—
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr:

4.

« Ill starred (1), tho' brave, did no visions foreboding,
« Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause? »
Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden (2),
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause;

(1) I allude here to my maternal ancestors, « the Gordons, » many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stewarts. George, the 2d Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stewart, daughter of James the first of Scotland; by her he left four sons; the 3rd, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

(2) Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden I am not certain; but as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, « pars pro toto. »

Still, were you happy, in death's early slumber,
You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar (1),
The pibroch (2) resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

5.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you;
Years must elapse, ere I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet, still, are you dearer than Albion's plain:
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
To one who has rov'd on the mountains afar;
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!

(1) A tract of the Highlands so called; there is also a Castle of Braemar.

(2) The Bagpipe.

TO ROMANCE.

1.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance!
Auspicious Queen of childish joys!
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
I break the fetters of my youth;
No more I tread thy mystic round,
But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

2.

And, yet, 'tis hard to quit the dreams
Which haunt the unsuspicious soul,
Where every nymph a goddess seems,
Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
And all assume a varied hue,
When Virgins seem no longer vain,
And even Woman's smiles are true.

3.

And must we own thee, but a name,
And from thy hall of clouds descend;
Nor find a Sylph in every dame,
A Pylades (1) in every friend?

(1) It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships, which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus,

But leave, at once, thy realms of air,
To mingling bands of fairy elves;
Confess that Woman's false as fair,
And Friends have feeling for——themselves.

4.

With shame, I own, I've felt thy sway,
Repentant, now thy reign is o'er;
No more thy precepts I obey,
No more on fancied pinions soar:
Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
And think, that eye to Truth was dear,
To trust a passing Wanton's sigh,
And melt beneath a Wanton's tear.

5.

Romance! disgusted with deceit,
Far from thy motley court I fly,
Where Affectation holds her seat,
And sickly Sensibility;
Whose silly tears can never flow
For any pangs excepting thine;
Who turns aside from real woe,
To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable instances of attachments which, in all probability, never existed, beyond the imagination of the poet, the page of an historian, or modern novelist.

6.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
And call thy sylvan female quire,
To mourn a Swain for ever gone,
Who once could glow with equal fire,
But bends not now before thy throne.

7.

Ye genial Nymphs, whose ready tears,
On all occasions, swiftly flow;
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
With fancied flames and phrenzy glow;
Say, will you mourn my absent name,
Apostate from your gentle train?
An infant Bard, at least, may claim
From you a sympathetic strain.

8.

Adieu! fond race, a long adieu!
The hour of fate is hov'ring nigh;
Even now the gulf appears in view,
Where unlamented you must lie;
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen
Convuls'd by gales you cannot weather,
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
Alas! must perish altogether.

ELEGY

ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY (1).

It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds.

OSSIAN.

NEWSTEAD! fast falling, once resplendent dome!
Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY's (2) pride!
Of Warriors, Monks, and Dames the cloister'd tomb,
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.

Hail! to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall,
Than modern mansions, in their pillar'd state;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad Serfs (3), obedient to their Lord,
In grim array, the crimson cross (4) demand;
Or gay assemble round the festive board,
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band.

(1) As one poem, on this subject, is printed in the beginning, the author had, originally, no intention of inserting the following: it is now added at the particular request of some friends.

(2) HENRY II founded Newstead, soon after the murder of THOMAS A BECKET.

(3) This word is used by WALTER SCOTT, in his poem, « The Wild Huntsman: » as synonymous with Vassal.

(4) The Red Cross was the badge of the Crusaders.

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
Retrace their progress, thro' the lapse of time;
Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,
A votive pilgrim, in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the Chief,
His feudal realm in other regions lay;
In thee, the wounded conscience courts relief,
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes, in thy gloomy cells and shades profound,
The Monk abjur'd a world he ne'er could view;
Or blood-stain'd Guilt, repenting solace found,
Or Innocence, from stern Oppression, flew.

A Monarch bade thee, from that wild arise,
Where Sherwood's outlaws, once, were wont to prowl;
And Superstition's crimes of various dyes
Sought shelter in the Priest's protecting cowl.

Where, now, the grass exhales a murky dew,
The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay;
In sainted fame, the sacred Fathers grew,
Nor rais'd their pious voices, but to pray.

Where, now, the bats their wavering wings extend,
Soon as the gloaming (1) spreads her waning shade;
The choir did, oft, their mingling vespers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary (2) paid.

(1) As « Gloaming, » The Scottish word for Twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly Dr. Moore, in his Letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it, on account of its harmony.

(2) The Priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

Years roll on years; to ages, ages yield;
Abbots to Abbots, in a line succeed;
Religion's charter, their protecting shield,
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy HENRY rear'd the gothick walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another HENRY (1) the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each threat, or supplicating prayer,
He drives them, exiles, from their blest abode;
To roam a dreary world, in deep despair,
No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God.

Hark! how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High crested banners, wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels, the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
The braying trumpet, and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increas'd alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress (2) now,
Encircled by insulting rebel powers;
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threat'ning brow,
And dart destruction, in sulphureous showers.

(1) At the dissolution of the monasteries, HENRY VIII bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.

(2) Newstead sustained a considerable siege, in the war between CHARLES I and his Parliament.

Ah! vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
Tho' oft repuls'd, by guile, o'ercomes the brave;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful Liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unaveng'd, the raging Baron yields,
The blood of traitors smears the purple plain;
Unconquer'd, still, his faulchion there he wields,
And days of glory, yet, for him remain.

Still, in that hour, the warrior wish'd to strew,
Self-gather'd laurels, on a self-sought grave;
But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope, to save.

Trembling she snatch'd him (1) from the unequal strife,
In other fields, the torrent to repel;
For nobler combats, here, reserv'd his life,
To lead the band, where god-like FALKLAND (2) fell.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans, their painful requiem sound,
Far different incense, now, ascends to heaven,
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

(1) Lord Byron, and his brother, Sir William, held high commands in the royal army; the former was General in Chief, in Ireland, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Governor to James, Duke of York, afterwards, the unhappy James II. The latter had a principal share in many actions. Vide, Clarendon, Hume, etc.

(2) Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the Battle of Newberry, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.

There, many a pale and ruthless Robber's corse,
Noisome and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'erspread,
Ransack'd, resign, perforce, their mortal mould;
From ruffian fangs, escape not e'en the dead,
Rak'd from repose, in search for buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death;
No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length, the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
Retire, the clamour of the fight is o'er;
Silence, again, resumes her awful sway,
And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here, Desolation holds her dreary court,
What satellites declare her dismal reign!
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omen'd birds resort,
To flit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new Morn's restoring beams dispel
The clouds of Anarchy from Britain's skies;
The fierce Usurper seeks his native hell,
And nature triumphs, as the Tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans,
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring breath;
Earth shudders, as her cave receives his bones,
Loathing (1) the offering of so dark a death.

(1) This is an historical fact; a violent tempest occurred

The legal Ruler (1), now, resumes the helm,
He guides thro' gentle seas the prow of state;
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied Hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,
Howling, resign their violated nest;
Again the Master on his tenure dwells,
Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptur'd zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
Loudly carousing, bless their Lord's return;
Culture, again, adorns the gladdening vale,
And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs, on tuneful echo, float,
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;
And, hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
The hunter's cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoof the valleys shake,
What fears! what anxious hopes! attend the chace!
The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake,
Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans, and the cavaliers; both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition, but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the casuists of that age to decide; I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

(1) Charles II.

Ah! happy days! too happy to endure!
Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew;
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure:
Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

From these descending, sons to sires succeed,
Time steals along, and Death uprears his dart;
Another chief impels the foaming steed,
Another crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead! what saddening change of scene is thine!
Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;
The last and youngest of a noble line
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in its sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy grey-worn towers;
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep;
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers;
These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret,
Cherish'd affection only bids them flow;
Pride, Hope, and Love forbid him to forget,
But warm his bosom with empassion'd glow.

Yet, he prefers thee to the gilded domes,
Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great;
Yet, lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of Fate.

Haply thy sun emerging, yet, may shine,
Thee to irradiate, with meridian ray;
Hours, splendid as the past, may still be thine,
And bless thy future, as thy former day.

TO E. N. L. Esq.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.

Hor. Ep.

Dear L——, in this sequester'd scene,
While all around in slumber lie,
The joyous days, which ours have been,
Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye:
Thus, if, amidst the gathering storm,
While clouds the darken'd noon deform,
Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow;
Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease.
Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again;
Or if, in melancoly mood,
Some lurking envious fear intrude,
To check my bosom's fondest thought,
And interrupt the goldem dream;
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
And, still, indulge my wonted theme:
Although we ne'er again can trace,
In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore;
Nor through the groves of Ida chace
Our raptur'd visions as before;
Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And Manhood claims his stern dominion,
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing,
Will shed around some dews of spring;
But if his scythe must sweep the flowers,
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell;
If frowning Age, with cold controul,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears, unmov'd, Misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone;
Oh! may my bosom never learn,
To sooth its wonted heedless flow,
Still, still, despise the censor stern,
But ne'er forget another's woe.
Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove untutor'd, wild,
And ev'n in age at heart a child.

Though, now, on airy visions born,
To you my soul is still the same,
Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
And all my former joys are tame;
But, hence! ye hours of sable hue,
Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er;
By every bliss my childhood knew,
I'll think upon your shade no more:
Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,
And caves their sullen roar enclose,
We heed no more the wintry blast,
When lull'd by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse
Attun'd to love her languid lyre.
But, now, without a theme to chuse,
The strains in stolen sighs expire:
My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown;
E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,
And Carolina sighs alone,
And Mary's given to another;
And Cora's eye, which roll'd on me,
Can now no more my love recall,
In truth, dear L——, 'twas time to flee,
For Cora's eye will shine on all.
And though the Sun, with genial rays,
His beams alike to all displays,
And every lady's eye's a *sun*,
These last should be confin'd to one.
The soul's meridian don't become her,
Whose Sun displays a general *summer*.
Thus faint is every former flame,
And Passion's self is now a name;
As when the ebbing flames are low,
The aid which once improv'd their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
Now quenches all their sparks in night;
Thus has it been with Passion's fires,
As many a boy and girl remembers,
While all the force of love expires,
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But, now, dear L——, 'tis midnight's noon,
And clouds obscure the watery moon,
Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
Describ'd in every stripling's verse;

For why should I the path go o'er,
Which every bard has trod before?
Yet, ere yon silver lamp of night,
  Has thrice perform'd her stated round,
Has thrice retrac'd her path of light,
  And chac'd away the gloom profound,
I trust, that we, my gentle friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend,
Above the dear lov'd peaceful seat,
Which once contain'd our youths' retreat;
And, then, with those our childhood knew,
We'll mingle with the festive crew;
While many a tale of former day
Shall wing the laughing hours away;
And all the flow of soul shall pour
The sacred intellectual shower,
Nor cease, till Luna's waning horn
Scarce glimmers through the mist of Morn.

TO ——.

1.

Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine,
  As once this pledge appear'd a token;
These follies had not then been mine,
  For then my peace had not been broken.

2.

To thee, these early faults I owe,
  To thee, the wise and old reproving;
They know my sins, but do not know
  'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

3.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But, now, thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

4.

Perhaps, his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet, let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake, I cannot hate him.

5.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

6.

Then, fare thee well, deceitful Maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor Hope nor Memory yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

7.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to passions measures,

8.

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd;
This cheek now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

9.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.

10.

But, now, I seek for other joys,
To think, would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

11.

Yet, even in these, a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know, that thou art lost for ever.

STANZAS.

1.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride,
Accords not with the freeborn soul,
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

2.

Fortune! take back these cultur'd lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound!
I hate the touch of servile hands,
I hate the slaves that cringe around:
Place me alongs the rocks I love,
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar,
I ask but this—again to rove
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

3.

Few are my years, and, yet, I feel
The world was ne'er design'd for me;
Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of bliss;
Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this?

4.

I lov'd—but those I lov'd, are gone,
Had friends—my early friends are fled,
How cheerless feels the heart alone,
When all its former hopes are dead!
Though gay companions, o'er the bowl,
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though Pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

5.

How dull! to hear the voice of those
Whom rank, or chance, whom wealth, or power,
Have made; though neither friends or foes,
Associates of the festive hour;
Give me again a faithful few,
In years and feelings still the same,
And I will fly the midnight crew,
Where boist'rous Joy is but a name.

6.

And Woman! lovely Woman, thou!
My hope, my comforter, my all!
How cold must be my bosom now,
When e'en thy smiles begin to pall.
Without a sigh would I resign
This busy scene of splendid woe;
To make that calm contentment mine,
Which Virtue knows, or seems to know.

7.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men,
I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
My breast requires the sullen glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
Oh! that to me the wings were given,
Which bear the turtle to her nest!
Then would I cleave the vault of Heaven,
To flee away, and be at rest (1).

(1) Psalm 55, verse 6.—« And I said, Oh! that I had « wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at « rest. » This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.

LINES

WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM,

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF HARROW ON THE HILL.

Sept. 2, 1807.

Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky;
Where now alone, I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I lov'd, thy soft and verdant sod;
With those, who scatter'd far, perchance, deplore,
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before;
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mus'd the twilight hours away;
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But, ah! without the thoughts which, then, were mine;
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
« Take, while thou canst, a ling'ring, last farewell! »
When Fate shall chill at length this fever'd breast,
And calm its cares and passions into rest;
Oft, have I thought, 'twould sooth my dying hour,
If aught may sooth, when Life resigns her power,
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom, where it lov'd to dwell;
With this fond dream, methinks 'twere sweet to die,
And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie;

Here might I sleep, where all my hopes arose,
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose ;
For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
Prest by the turf where once my childhood play'd,
Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I lov'd,
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps mov'd ;
Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,
Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledg'd here,
Deplor'd by those in early days allied,
And unremember'd by the world beside.

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA,

AN IMITATION OF

MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN (1).

DEAR are the days of youth! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. « Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers! » Past is the race of heroes! but their fame rises on the harp; their souls ride on the wings of the wind! they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm; and rejoice in their hall of clouds! Such is Calmar. The grey stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests; he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood; Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear: but mild was the eye of Calmar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks; they stream'd like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul; his thoughts were given to

(1) It may be necessary to observe, that the story, though considerably varied in the Catastrophe, is taken from « Nisus and Euryalus, » of which episode, a translation is already given in the present volume.

friendship; to dark-hair'd Orla, destroyer of heroes! Equal were their swords in battle; but fierce was the pride of Orla; gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chief to combat. Their ships cover the Ocean! Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies; but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept: their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs. They stood around. The king was in the midst. Grey were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. « Sons of Morven, » said the hero, « to-morrow we meet the foe; but where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Thura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin, to the hero, and call the chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes, but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs! Who will arise. »

« Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed, » said dark-haired Orla, « and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but

little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards, and lay me by the stream of Lubar. » — « And shalt thou fall alone? » said fair-haired Calmar. « Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chace of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger: ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar. » — « Calmar! » said the chief of Oithona, « why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy: but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say, « Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin; he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow. » Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin! Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise. » — « Orla! » said the son of Mora, « could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No; my

heart would speak in sighs; faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high, the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar. »

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed : they frown in sleep, their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam, at distance, in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade : his spear is rais'd on high. « Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona? » said fair-hair'd Calmar, « we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay? » — « It is a time for vengeance, » said Orla, of the gloomy brow. « Mathon of Lochlin sleeps : seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound; my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon! rise! the son of Connal calls; thy life is his : rise to combat. » Mathon starts from

sleep, but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. « Fly, Calmar! fly! said dark-hair'd Orla; Mathon is mine; I shall die in joy; but Lochlin crowds around; fly through the shade of night. » Orla turns; the helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall. His wrath rises; his weapon glitters on the head of Orla; but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of Ocean on two mighty barks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north; so rise the chiefs of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield: his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin. Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen; but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of Ocean lifts their locks: yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? bright as the gold of the stranger, they

mingle with the dark hair of his friend. « 'Tis Calmar ; he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not ; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's ; but Calmar lives ! he lives , though low. « Rise , » said the king , « rise , Son of Mora ; » 'tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven. »

« Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla ; » said the hero , « what were the chase to me , alone ? Who would share the spoils of battle with Calmar ? Orla is at rest ! Rough was thy soul , Orla ! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning ; to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora ; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood : but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend : raise the song when I am dark. »

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four grey stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar.

When Swaran was bound , our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven. The Bards raised the song.

« What form rises on the roar of clouds ? whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests ? his voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla , the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul , Orla ! thy

fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! it dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm (1).

(1) I fear, Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's Ossian might prove the Translation of a series of Poems, complete in themselves; but, while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults, particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction. — The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original, as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author.

CRITIQUE

EXTRACTED FROM

THE EDINBURG REVIEW, N°. 22,

FOR JANUARY 1808.

Hours of Idleness, a Series of Poems, original and translated, By GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, a Minor. 8vo. pp. 200. — Newark, 1807.

THE poesy of this young Lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title-page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his *style*. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface, and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority, we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the

defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry; and if judgment were given against him; it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver for poetry, the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority*; but as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he has no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point, and we dare to say, so will it be ruled. Perhaps however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth, is rather with a view to increase our wonder, than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, 'See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!'—But, alas! we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

His other plea of privilege, our author ra-

ther brings forward in order to wave it. He certainly, however, does allude frequently to his family and ancestors — sometimes in poetry, sometimes in notes; and while giving up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr. Johnson's saying, that when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. In truth, it is this consideration only, that induces us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, beside our desire to counsel him, that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account.

With this view, we must beg leave seriously to assure him, that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet; nay, although (which does not always happen) those feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately upon the fingers, — is not the whole art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe, that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem; and that a poem in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his candour, whether there is any thing so deserving the name of poetry in verses like the following, written in 1806, and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say any thing

so uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you, adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory, and you.

Though a tear dim his eye, at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret:
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
He vows, that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own.

Now we positively do assert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume.

Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (as he must have had occasion to see at his writing-master's) are odious.—Gray's Ode on Eton College, should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas 'On a distant view of the village and school of Harrow.'

Where fancy, yet, joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me, your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is deny'd.

In like manner, the exquisite lines of Mr Rogers, '*On a Tear*,' might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following:

Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt,
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffus'd in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail,
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

And so of instances in which former poets had failed. Thus, we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his non-age, Adrian's Address to his Soul, when Pope succeeded so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it.

Ah! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region born,
Wilt thou, now, wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favourites with Lord Byron. We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian; and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only, why print them after they have had their day and served their turn? And why call the thing in p. 79, a translation, where *two* words (θελω λευεεν) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in p. 81, where μεσονυντιος ποφ' ὁ ξαιξ, is rendered by means of six hobbling verses? As to his Ossianic poesy, we are not very good judges, being, in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticizing some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsodies. If, then, the following beginning of a 'Song of Bards,' is by his Lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we can comprehend it. 'What form rises on the roar of clouds, whose dark ghost gleams on the red stream of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder; 'tis Orla, the brown chief of Otihona. He was, etc. After detaining this 'brown chief' some time, the bards conclude by giving him their advice to 'raise his fair locks;' then to 'spread them on the arch of the rainbow;' and 'to smile through the tears of the storm.' Of this kind of thing there are no less than *nine* pages; and we can so far venture an opinion in their favour, that they look very like Macpherson; and we are

positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but they should 'use it as not abusing it;' and particularly one who piques himself (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen), of being 'an infant bard,'—('The artless Helicon I boast is youth;')—should either not know, or should seem not to know, so much about his own ancestry. Besides a poem above cited on the family seat of the Byrons, we have another of eleven pages, on the self-same subject, introduced with an apology, 'he certainly had no intention of inserting it,' but really, 'the particular request of some friends,' etc. etc. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, 'the last and youngest of a noble line.' There is a good deal also about his maternal ancestors, in a poem on Lachin y Gair, a mountain where he spent part of his youth, and might have learnt that pibroch is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

As the author has dedicated so large a part of his volume to immortalize his employments at school and college, we cannot possibly dismiss it without presenting the reader with a specimen of these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called Granta, we have the following magnificent stanzas.

There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

Who reads false quantities in Sele,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Depriv'd of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous latin doom'd to wrangle.

Renouncing every pleasing page,
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the lettered sage,
The square of the hypothenuse.

Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compar'd with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent.

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the college psalmody as is contained in the following Attic stanzas.

Our choir would scarcely be excus'd,
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy, now, must be refus'd
To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us, his psalms had ne'er descended;
In furious mood he would have tore 'em!

But whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is at best, he says, but an intruder

into the groves of Parnassus; he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred poets; and 'though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland,' he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication; and whether it succeeds or not, 'it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter,' that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this Lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but 'has the sway' of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth.

END OF HOURS OF IDLENESS.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

TO ——.

When all around grew drear and dark,
And reason half withheld her ray—
And hope but shed a dying spark
Which more misled my lonely way;

In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When dreading to be deemed too kind,
The weak despair—the cold depart;

When fortune changed—and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose and set not to the last.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
That watched me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
Then purer spread its gentle flame,
And dashed the darkness all away.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
And teach it what to brave or brook—
There's more in one soft word of thine,
Than in the world's defied rebuke.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
That still unbroke, though gently bent,
Still waves with fond fidelity
Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend—the skies might pour,
But there thou wert—and still would'st be
Devoted in the stormiest hour
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,
Whatever fate on me may fall;
For heaven in sunshine will requite
The kind—and thee the most of all.

Then let the ties of baffled love
Be broken—thine will never break;
Thy heart can feel—but will not move;
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

And these, when all was lost beside,
Were found and still are fixed in thee—
And bearing still a breast so tried,
Earth is no desart—ev'n to me.

TO TIME.

TIME! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die—
Hail thou! who on my birth bestowed
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.
I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou could'st spare
All that I loved, to peace or heaven.
To them by joy or rest, on me
Thy future ills shall press in vain;
I nothing owe but years to thee,
A debt already paid in pain.
Yet even that pain was some relief;
It felt, but still forgot thy power:
The active agony of grief
Retards, but never counts the hour.
In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight
Would soon subside from swift to slow;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But could not add a night to woe;
For then, however drear and dark,
My soul was suited to thy sky;
One star alone shot forth a spark
To prove thee—not Eternity.
That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
A blank; a thing to count and curse

Through each dull tedious trifling part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.
One scene even thou canst not deform;
The limit of thy sloth or speed,
When future wanderers bear the storm
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed:
And I can smile to think how weak
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
Must fall upon—a nameless stone!

WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines composed on the occasion of H. R. H. the Prince Regent being seen standing betwixt the coffins of Henri VIII and Charles I, in the royal vault at Windsor.

Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;
Between them stands another sceptered thing,
It moves, it reigns, in all but name—a king:
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
—In him the double tyrant starts to life;
Justice and Death have mix'd their dust in vain,
Each royal vampyre wakes to life again.
Ah! what can tombs avail—since these disgorge
The blood and dust of both—to mould a George.

1813.

TO ——.

1.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.——

2.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow——
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

3.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me——
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well——
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

4.

In secret we met——
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears.

1808.

TO A LADY WEEPING.

Weep, daughter of a royal line,
A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah, happy! if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away!
Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—
Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by the people's smiles!

March, 1812.

TRANSLATION

OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG

Δεῦτε παιδες τῶν Ελλήνων ,

Written by RIGA, who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece.

1.

SONS of the Greeks, arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet.

2.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.
Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife!
Hellenes of past ages,
Oh! start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
Your sleep, oh! join with me!
And the seven-hilled city seeking,
Fight, conquer, till we're free.

Sons of Greeks, etc.

3.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylæ,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
Expired in seas of blood.

Sons of Greeks, etc.

THE DREAM.

I.

Our life is two-fold; Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their developement have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon ou waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sybils of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind?—The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,

Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in her's;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd her's and saw with her's,
Which coloured all his objects:—he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of her's, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:

Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more; 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honoured race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned:
Within an antique Oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro; anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion—then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears,
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet; as he paused,
The Lady of his love re-entered there:
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved,—she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw

That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way;
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,

So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love was wed with One
Who did not love her better;—in her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty,—but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—she had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.—
The wanderer was return'd.—I saw him stand
Before an altar—with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook

His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love;—Oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight, familiar were to her's.
And this the world calls phrenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,

And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.—
The wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic art of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was opened wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so!

IX.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

A SONG.

Thou art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest,
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—
When she can change who loved so truly,
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doomed to all who love or live;
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
We scarce our fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely;

What must they feel whom no false vision,
But truest, tenderest passion warmed?
Sincere, but swift in sad transition
As if a dream alone had charmed?
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
And all thy change can be but dreaming!

ON PARTING.

1.

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

2.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.

3.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

4.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?

5.

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

FROM THE TURKISH.

1.

THE chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound,
The heart that offered both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

2.

These gifts were charmed by secret spell
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well,
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

3.

That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet—till thou could'st think
In other hands its notes were such.

4.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shivered in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

5.

When thou wert changed, they altered too;
The chain is broke, the music mute:
'Tis past—to them and thee adieu—
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE,

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.

I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not the less of sorrow and of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
With name no clearer than the names unknown,
Which lay unread around it; and I ask'd
The gardener of that ground, which it might be
That for this plant strangers his memory task'd
Through the thick deaths of half a century?
And thus he answered — « Well, I do not know
« Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
« He died before my day of sextonship,
« And I had not the digging of this grave. »
And is this all? I thought, — and do we rip
The veil of Immortality? and crave
I know not what of honour and of light
Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?
So soon and so successless? As I said,
The Architect of all on which we tread,
For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay
To extricate remembrance from the clay,
Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought
Were it not that all life must end in one,
Of which we are but dreamers; — as he caught
As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,
Thus spoke he, — « I believe the man of whom
« You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,

« Was a most famous writer in his day,
« And therefore travellers step from out their way
« To pay him honour, — and myself whate'er
« Your honour pleases, » — then most pleased I shook
From out my pocket's avaricious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
So much but inconveniently ; — Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones ! all the while,
Because my homely phrase the thruth would tell,
You are the fools, not I — for I did dwell
With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,
On that old Sexton's natural homily,
In which there was obscurity and fame,
The glory and the nothing of a name.

PROMETHEUS.

I.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until its voice is echoless.

II.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;

The fate thou didst so well foresee
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy silence was his sentence,
And in his soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

III.

Thy godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance and repulse
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To mortals of their fate and force,
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his spirit may oppose
Itself—an equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concentered recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

STANZAS TO ——.

1.

Though the day of my destiny 's over
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *thee*.

2.

Then when nature around me is smiling
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

3.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain—it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn,
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

4.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never could'st shake,—
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

5.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun:
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

6.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desart a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

ON THE DEATH

OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.

THERE is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is sorrow's purest sigh
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue.
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
Grows hushed, *their name* the only sound;
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot?
Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
And early valour, glowing, find
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
In woe, that glory cannot quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
When cease to hear thy cherished name?
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
They cannot choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

WRITTEN AT ATHENS.

JANUARY 16, 1810.

The spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.
Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

TO A LADY.

Oh Lady! when I left the shore,
The distant shore, which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth;
Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
Where panting nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread,
Though far from Albion's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark-blue main;
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again:
But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
Though time restore me to my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:
On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire
And, oh! forgive the word—to love.
Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.
And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of beauty in distress?
Ah! who would think that form had past
Through danger's most destructive path,

Have braved the Death-winged tempest's blast,
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath ?
Lady ! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose ;
And Stamboul's Oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose ;
Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
That glorious city still shall be ;
On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,
As spot of thy nativity :
And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wond'rous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'Twill sooth to be, where thou hast been.

September, 1809.

REMEMBER HIM, etc.

1.

Remember him, whom passion's power
Severely, deeply, vainly proved:
Remember thou that dangerous hour
When neither fell, though both were loved.

2.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be blest:
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reproved, represt.

3.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost,
But saved thee all that conscience fears;
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.

4.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.

5.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued:
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitude.

6.

Oh God! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;
When thou hadst loved without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee!

7.

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
From this our gaudy world be p ast
And, that too bitter moment o'er,
Oh! may such trial be thy last!

8.

This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroyed might there destroy;
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

9.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign—such scenes forego,
Where those who feel must surely fall.

10.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
Thy soul from long seclusion pure;
From what even here hath past, may guess
What there thy bosom must endure.

11.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
For me they shall not weep again.

12.

Though long and mournful must it be,
The thought that we no more may meet;
Yet I deserve the stern decree,
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

13.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
Had then less sacrificed to thine;
It felt not half so much to part,
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 30, 1808.

STANZAS.

« Heu quantò minùs est cum reliquis versari
quàm tuí meminisse ! »

1.

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth ;
And form so soft, and charms so rare.
Too soon returned to earth !
Though earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness of mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

2.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot ;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not :
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved and long must love,
Like common earth can rot ;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis nothing that I loved so well.

3.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.

The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow :
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

4.

The better days of life were ours ;
The worst can be but mine :
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep ;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have passed away ;
I might have watched through long decay.

5.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
The leaves must drop away :
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it plucked to-day ;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

6.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade ;
The night that followed such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade :

Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguished, not decayed;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

7.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

8.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity,
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

TO ———.

1.

Bright be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal controul,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

2.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be:
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But not cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?

ODE.

Oh! shame to thee, Land of the Gaul!
Oh! shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of Hate, and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World!

Oh! where is thy spirit of yore,
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honour the passion that led?
Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,
They groan from the place of their rest,
And wrathfully murmur, and sullenly weep,
To see the foul stain on thy breast;
For where is the glory they left thee in trust?
'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust!

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth,
From Indus, all round to the Pole,
And something of goodness, of honour, and worth,
Shall brighten the sins of the soul:
But thou art *alone* in thy shame,
The world cannot liken thee there;
Abhorrence and vice have disfigur'd thy name
Beyond the low reach of compare;
Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through time
A proverb, a bye-word, for treach'ry and crime!

While conquest illumin'd his sword,
While yet in his prowess he stood,
Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy Lord,
And welcom'd the torrent of blood;
Tho' tyranny sat on his crown,
And wither'd the nations afar,
Yet bright in thy view was that Despot's renown,
Till Fortune deserted his car;
Then, back from the chieftain thou slunkest away
The foremost to insult, the first to betray!

Forgot were the feats he had done,
The toils he had borne in thy cause;
Thou turned'st to worship a new rising sun,
And waft other songs of applause;
But the storm was beginning to lour,
Adversity clouded his beam;
And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,
And loyalty's self but a dream:—
To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were restor'd;
And the first that had scoff'd, were the first that ador'd!

What tumult thus burthens the air?
What throng thus encircles his throne?
'Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that swear
His sceptre shall rule them alone.
Reverses shall brighten their zeal,
Misfortune shall hallow his name,
And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel
How quenchless the spirit and flame
That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts are on fire,
For the Hero they love, and the chief they admire!

Their hero has rushed to the field;
His laurels are cover'd with shade—
But where is the spirit that never should yield,
The loyalty never to fade!
In a moment desertion and guile
Abandon'd him up to the foe;
The dastards that flourish'd and grew in his smile,
Forsook and renounced him in woe;
And the millions that swore they would perish to save,
Beheld him a fugitive, captive, and slave!

The Savage all wild in his glen
Is nobler and better than thou;
Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
Such perfidy blackens thy brow!
If thou wert the place of my birth,
At once from thy arms would I sever;
I'd fly to the uttermost parts of the earth,
And quit thee for ever and ever;
And thinking of thee in my long after-years,
Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears.

Oh! shame to thee, Land of the Gaul!
Oh! shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World!

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

FAREWELL to the land where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name—
She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
I have warred with a world which vanquished me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single captive to millions in war!

Farewell to thee, France!—when thy diadem crowned me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soared with eyes fixed on victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again—
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound
Then turn thee and call on the chief of thy choice!

TO NAPOLEON.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

« All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Bonaparte. He clung to his master's knees, wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted. »

1.

Must thou go, my glorious chief,
Severed from thy faithful few?
Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
Maddening o'er that long adieu?
Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,
Dear as both have been to me—
What are they to all I feel,
With a soldier's faith for thee?

2.

Idol of the soldier's soul!
First in fight, but mightiest now:
Many could a world controul;
Thee alone no doom can bow.
By thy side for years I dared
Death; and envied those who fell,
When their dying shout was heard,
Blessing him they served so well.

3.

Would that I were cold with those,
Since this hour I live to see;
When the doubts of coward foes
Scarce dare trust a man with thee,
Dreading each should set thee free.
Oh! although in dungeons pent,
All their chains were light to me,
Gazing on thy soul unbent.

4.

Would the sycophants of him
Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
Were his borrowed glories dim,
In his native darkness share?
Were that world this hour his own,
All thou calmly dost resign,
Could he purchase with that throne
Hearts like those which still are thine?

5.

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!
Never did I droop before;
Never to my sovereign sue,
As his foes I now implore.
All I ask is to divide
Every peril he must brave,
Sharing by the hero's side,
His fall, his exile, and his grave.

ODE

ON WATERLOO-BATTLE.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

I.

We do not curse thee, Waterloo!
Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew;
There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—
Rising from each gory trunk,
Like the Water-spout from Ocean,
With a strong and growing motion—
It soars, and mingles in the air,
With that of lost Labedoyere—
With that of him whose honoured grave
Contains the « bravest of the brave. »
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
But shall return to whence it rose;
When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—
Never yet was heard such thunder
As then shall shake the world with wonder—
Never yet was seen such lightning,
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!
Like the Wormwood Star foretold
By the sainted Seer of old,
Show'ring down a fiery flood,
Turning rivers into blood.

II.

The chief has fallen, but not by you,
Vanquishers of Waterloo!

When the soldier citizen
Swayed not o'er his fellow men—
Save in deeds that led them on
Where Glory smil'd on Freedom's son—
Who, of all the despots banded,
With that youthful chief competed?
Who could boast o'er France defeated,
Till lone Tyranny commanded?
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
The Hero sunk into the King?
Then he fell;—So perish all,
Who would men by man enthral!

III.

And thou too of the snow-white plume!
Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb;
Better hadst thou still been leading
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
Than sold thyself to death and shame
For a meanly royal name;
Such as he of Naples wears,
Who thy blood-bought title bears.
Little didst thou deem, when dashing
On thy war-horse through the ranks,
Like a stream which burst its banks,
While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,
Shone and shivered fast around thee—
Of the fate at last which found thee:
Was that haughty plume laid low
By a slave's dishonest blow?
Once—as the Moon sways o'er the tide,
It rolled in air, the warrior's guide;

Through the smoke-created night
Of the black and sulphurous fight,
The soldier rais'd his seeking eye
To catch that crest's ascendancy,—
And, as it onward rolling rose,
So moved his heart upon our foes.
There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
Of the eagle's burning crest—
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
Who could then her wing arrest—
Victory beaming from her breast?)
While the broken line enlarging
Fell, or fled along the plain;
There be sure was MURAT charging!
There he ne'er shall charge again!

IV.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch—
But let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice,
But, her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be adored,
France hath twice too well been taught
The « moral lesson » dearly bought—
Her safety sits not on a throne,
With CAPET or NAPOLEON!
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause—
Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,

With their breath, and from their birth,
Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth;
With a fierce and lavish hand
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
Pouring nations' blood like water,
In imperial seas of slaughter!

V.

But the heart and the mind,
And the voice of mankind,
Shall arise in communion—
And who shall resist that proud union?
The time is past when swords subdu'd—
Man may die—the soul's renew'd:
Even in this low world of care,
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;
Millions breathe but to inherit
Her for ever bounding spirit—
When once more her hosts assemble,
Tyrants shall believe and tremble—
Smile they at this idle threat?
Crimson tears will follow yet.

ODE

ON THE STAR

OF « THE LEGION OF HONOUR. »

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

1.

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou, radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rushed in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

2.

Souls of slain heroes formed thy rays;
Eternity flashed through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a volcano of the skies.

3.

Like lava rolled thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rocked beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

4.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue
Of three bright colours, each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

5.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light;
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

6.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, oh! thou Rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

7.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, oh goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP

FORMED FROM A SKULL.

START not—nor deem my spirit fled:
In me behold the only skull
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee;
I died; let earth my bones resign:
Fill up—thou canst not injure me;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine!

Quaff while thou canst—another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce;
Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.

1.

DEAR object of defeated care!
Though now of love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair
Thine image and my tears are left.

2.

'Tis said with sorrow Time can cope,
But this I feel can ne'er be true:
For by the death-blow of my hope
My memory immortal grew.

THE

CURSE OF MINERVA,

A POEM.

——— Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun:
Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows:
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulph, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expause
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When—Athens! here thy wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd (1) sage's latest day!

(1) Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before,
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly—
Who liv'd and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign(1);
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form,
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around with quiv'ring beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
Where meek Cephisus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress sadd'ning by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk (2),
And, dun and sombre mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye—
And dull were his that passed them heedless by.

(1) The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.

(2) The Kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the Palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chaf'd breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown—where gentler Ocean seems to smile.

As thus within the walls of Pallas' fane
I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,
Alone and friendless, on the magic shore
Whose arts and arms but live in poet's lore;
Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,
Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,
The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
And glory knew no clime beyond her Greece.
Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high
Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky,
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god;
But chiefly, Pallas! thine, when Hecate's glare,
Check'd by the columns, fell more sadly fair
O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead.
Long had I mus'd, and measur'd every trace
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When, lo! a giant form before me strode,
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode.
Yes, 'twas Minerva's self, but, ah! how chang'd
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!
Not such as erst, by her divine command,
Her form appeared from Phidias' plastic hand;
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
Her idle Ægis bore no Gorgon now;

Her helm was deep indented, and her lance
Seem'd weak and shaftless, e'en to mortal glance;
The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,
Shrunk from her touch and wither'd in her grasp:
And, ah! though still the brightest of the sky,
Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;
Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe.

« Mortal! ('twas thus she spake) that blush of shame
« Proclaims thee Briton—once a noble name—
« First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
« Now honour'd *less* by all—and *least* by me:
« Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found;—
« Seek'st thou the cause? O mortal,—look around!
« Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
« I saw successive tyrannies expire;
« 'Scap'd from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,
« Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both!
« Survey this vacant violated fane;
« Recount the relics torn that yet remain;
« *These* Cecrops placed—*this* Pericles adorned (1)—
« *That* Hadrian rear'd when drooping Science mourn'd:
« What more I owe let gratitude attest,
« Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest.
« That all may learn from whence the plund'rer came,
« Th' insulted wall sustains his hated name (2).

(1) This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular. The Temple of Jupiter Olympius, by some supposed the Pantheon, was finished by Hadrian: sixteen columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble and style of architecture.

(2) It is related by a late oriental traveller, that when the wholesale spoliator visited Athens, he caused his own name,

« For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
« Below, his name—above, behold his deeds!
« Be ever hail'd with equal honour here
« The Gothic Monarch and the Pictish Peer.
« Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,
« But basely stole what less barbarians won!
« So when the lion quits his fell repast,
« Next prowls the wolf—the filthy jackal last:
« Flesh, limbs, and blood, the former make their own;
« The last base brute securely gnaws the bone.
« Yet still the gods are just, and crimes are crost,—
« See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!
« Another name with his pollutes my shrine,
« Behold where Dian's beams disdain to shine!
« Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
« When Venus half aveng'd Minerva's shame (1). »

She ceas'd awhile, and thus I dar'd reply,
To sooth the vengeance kindling in her eye:—

with that of his wife, to be inscribed on a pillar of one of the principal temples. This inscription was executed in a very conspicuous manner, and deeply engraved in the marble, at a very considerable elevation. Notwithstanding which precautions, some person, (doubtless inspired by the Patron Goddess) has been at the pains to get himself raised up to the requisite height, and has obliterated the name of the laird, but left that of the lady untouched. The traveller in question accompanied this story by a remark, that it must have cost some labour and contrivance to get at the place, and could only have been effected by much zeal and determination.

(1) His Lordship's name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon above; in a part not far distant are the torn remnants of the basso-relievos, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.

« Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,
« A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim!
« Frown not on England—England owns him not—
« Athena, no! the plunderer was a Scot (1)!
« Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyle's towers
« Survey Bœotia—Caledonia's ours.
« And well I know within that bastard land (2)
« Hath wisdom's goddess never held command:
« A barren soil, where Nature's germs confin'd,
« To stern sterility can stint the mind;
« Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
« Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth.
« Each genial influence nurtur'd to resist,
« A land of meanness, sophistry and mist:
« Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
« Dilutes with drivel every drizzling brain,
« Till burst at length each watery head o'erflows,
« Foul as their soil and frigid as their snows:
« Ten thousand schemes of petulance and pride
« Dispatch her scheming children far and wide;
« Some East, some West, some—every where but North!
« In quest of lawless gain they issue forth;
« And thus, accursed be the day and year,
« She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
« Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
« As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth—

(1) The plaster wall on the west side of the temple of Minerva Polias bears the following inscription, cut in very deep characters:

Quod non fecerunt Goti
Hoc fecerunt Scoti.

Hobhouse's Travels in Greece, etc., p. 345.

(2) Irish Bastards, according to Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

« So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
« Bound to no clime, and victors o'er the grave,
« Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
« And shine like children of a happier strand.
« As once of yore, in some obnoxious place,
« Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race! »

« Mortal, » the blue-ey'd Maid resum'd, « once more,
« Bear back my mandate to thy native shore;
« Though fall'n, alas! this vengeance still is mine,
« To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
« Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest;
« Hear and believe, for Time shall tell the rest.
« First on the head of him who did the deed
« My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed:
« Without one spark of intellectual fire,
« Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:
« If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
« Believe him bastard of a brighter race;
« Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
« And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate!
« Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
« Whose noblest *native* gusto—is to sell:
« To sell, and make (may shame record the day!)
« The State receiver of his pilfer'd prey!
« Meantime the flattering feeble dotard, West,
« Europe's worst dauber and poor Britain's best,
« With palsied hand shall turn each model o'er,
« And own himself an infant of fourscore (1):
« Be all the bruisers called from all St. Giles,
« That Art and Nature may compare their styles;

(1) Mr. West, on seeing « the Elgin collection » (I suppose we shall hear of the Abershaw's and Jack Shephard's collection next,) declared himself a mere Tyro in Art.

« While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
« And marvel at his Lordship's *stone shop* there (1).
« Round the throng'd gate shall sauntering coxcombs creep,
« To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and peep :
« While many a languid maid, with longing sigh,
« On giant statues casts the curious eye ;
« The room with transient glance appears to skim,
« Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb,
« Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then ;*
« Exclaims, ' these Grecks indeed were proper men ;'
« Draws slight comparisons of *these* with *those*,
« And envies Laïs all her Attic beaux :
« When shall a modern maid have swains like these?
« Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!
« And last of all, amidst the gaping crew
« Some calm spectator, as he takes his view (2),

(1) Poor Crib was sadly puzzled when exhibited at Elgin house ; — he asked if it was not « a stone shop » : he was right , it is a shop.

(2) Alas ! all the monuments of roman magnificence, all the remains of Grecian taste , so dear to the Artist , the Historian , the Antiquary, all depend on the will of an arbitrary sovereign ; and that will is influenced too often by interest or vanity, by a nephew or a sycophant. Is a new palace to be erected (at Rome) for an upstart family ? the Colyseum is stripped to furnish materials. Does a foreign minister wish to adorn the bleak walls of a northern castle with antiques ? the Temples of Theseus or Minerva must be dismantled, and the works of Phidias or Praxiteles be torn from the shattered frieze. That a decrepid uncle , wrapped up in the religious duties of his age and station , should listen to the suggestions of an interested nephew, is natural : and that an oriental despot should undervalue the masterpieces of Grecian art, is to be expected ; though in both cases the consequences of such weakness are much to be lamented — but that the ministers of a nation , famed for

« In silent indignation mix'd with grief,
« Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.
« Loathed throughout life—scarce pardon'd in the dust,
« May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust!
« Link'd with the fool who fired th' Ephesian dome,
« Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb;
« Erostratus and Elgin e'er shall shine
« In many a branding page and burning line!
« Alike condemned for aye to stand accurs'd,
« Perchance the second viler than the first;
« So let him stand, thro' ages yet unborn,
« Fixed statue on the pedestal of Scorn?
« Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,
« But fits thy country for her coming fate;
« Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless son
« To do, what oft Britannia's self had done.
« Look to the Baltic blazing from afar,
« Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war:

its knowledge of the language, and its veneration for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the prompter and the instrument of these destructions, is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations; it deprives the past of the trophies of their genius and the title deeds of their fame; the present, of the strongest inducements to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate; the future, of the masterpieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation. *Eustace's Classical Tour through Italy, p.* 269.

This attempt to transplant the temple of Vesta from Italy to England may, perhaps, do honour to the late Lord Bristol's patriotism or to his magnificence; but it cannot be considered as an indication of either taste or judgment. *Ibid, p.* 419.

« Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
« Or break the compact which herself had made;
« Far from such councils, from the faithless field
« She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield;
« A fatal gift that turned your friends to stone,
« And left lost Albion hated and alone.
« Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
« Shall shake your usurpation to its base;
« Lo! there rebellion rears her ghastly head,
« And glares the Nemesis of native dead,
« Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
« And claims his long arrear of northern blood.
« So may ye perish! Pallas, when she gave
« Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.
« Look on your Spain, she clasps the hand she hates,
« But coldly clasps and thrusts you from her gates.
« Bear witness bright Barrossa, thou canst tell,
« Whose were the sons that bravely fought and fell.
« While Lusitania, kind and dear ally,
« Can spare a few to fight and sometimes fly.
« Oh glorious field! by famine fiercely won;
« The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!
« But when did Pallas teach that one retreat
« Retriev'd three long olympiads of defeat:
« Look last at home, ye love not to look there,
« On the grim smile of comfortless despair;
« Your city saddens, loud though revel howls,
« Here famine faints, and yonder rapine prowls:
« See all alike of more or less bereft,
« No misers tremble when there's nothing left:
« 'Blest paper credit (1),' who shall dare to sing?
« It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing:

(1) Blest paper credit, last and best supply,
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly.
POPE.

« Yet Pallas pluck'd each Premier by the ear
« Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;
« But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
« On Pallas calls, but calls, alas! too late:
« Then raves for ***(1); to that Mentor bends,
« Though he and Pallas never yet were friends:
« Him senates hear whom never yet they heard,
« Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd:
« So once of yore each reasonable frog
« Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign log;
« Thus hail'd your rulers their Patrician clod,
« As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

« Now fare ye well, enjoy your little hour;
« Go,—grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;
« Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme,
« Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.
« Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,
« And pirates barter all that's left behind (2);
« No more the hirelings purchas'd near and far
« Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war;
« The idle merchant on the useless quay
« Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away;
« Or back returning sees rejected stores
« Rot piecemeal on his own encumber'd shores:
« The starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,
« And desperate mans him 'gainst the common doom.
« Then in the senate of your sinking state,
« Shew me the man whose counsels may have weight.

(1) The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.

(2) See the foregoing note.

« Vain is each voice whose tones could once command ;
« E'en factions cease to charm a factious land ;
« While jarring sects convulse a sister isle,
« And light with madd'ning hands the mutual pile.

« 'Tis done, 'tis past, since Pallas warns in vain,
« The Furies seize her abdicated reign :
« Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling brands,
« And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.
« But one convulsive struggle still remains,
« And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.
« The bannered pomp of war, the glittering files,
« O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles;
« The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
« That bid the foe defiance ere they come;
« The hero bounding at his country's call,
« The glorious death that decorates his fall,
« Swell the young heart with visionary charms,
« And bid it antedate the joys of arms.
« But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,
« With death alone are laurels cheaply bought;
« Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,
« His day of mercy is the day of fight ;
« But when the field is fought, the battle won,
« Though drench'd with gore, his woes are but begun ;
« His deeper deeds ye yet know but by name,—
« The slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd dame,
« The rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd field,
« Ill suit with souls at home untaught to yield.
« Say with what eye, along the distant down,
« Would flying burghers mark the blazing town ?
« How view the column of ascending flames
« Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames ?

« Nay, frown not, Albion! for the torch was thine
« That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine:
« Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,
« Go, ask thy bosom, who deserves them most?
« The law of heav'n and earth is life for life,
« And she who rais'd in vain regrets the strife. »

London, 1812.

AVIS.

Le Vampire, faussement attribué à lord *Byron*, est de *Polidori*, jeune médecin, qui a vécu quelque temps à Genève avec le poëte anglais.

Protégé par le nom de l'auteur du *Corsaire* et de *Lara*, *le Vampire* a joui d'un grand succès, et inspiré un mélodrame fameux.

On a cru devoir réunir *le Vampire* aux Œuvres de lord *Byron*, comme ayant la teinte de son génie, et pour satisfaire les lecteurs curieux de lire une production où *Polidori* a imité, autant qu'il était en lui, le style sombre, attachant et *romantique* du fameux lord, dont la réputation est devenue européenne.

EXTRACT

OF A LETTER FROM GENEVA

THE

VAMPYRE,

A TALE.

THE

MAMMOTH,

A TALE.

EXTRACT

OF A LETTER FROM GENEVA.

« I breathe freely in the neighbourhood of this lake; the ground upon which I tread has been subdued from the earliest ages; the principal objects which immediately strike my eye, bring to my recollection scenes, in which man acted the hero and was the chief object of interest. Not to look back to earlier times of battles and sieges, here is the bust of Rousseau — here is a house with an inscription denoting that the Genevan philosopher first drew breath under its roof. A little out of the town is Ferney, the residence of Voltaire; where that wonderful, though certainly in many respects contemptible, character, received, like the hermits of old, the visits of pilgrims, not only from his own nation, but from the farthest boundaries of Europe. Here too is Bonnet's abode, and, a few steps beyond, the house of that astonishing woman, madame de Staël, perhaps the first of her sex, who has really proved its often claimed equality with the nobler man. We have before had women who have written interesting novels and poems, in which their tact at observing drawing-room characters has availed them; but never since the days of Heloise have those

faculties which are peculiar to man, been developed as the possible inheritance of woman. Though even here, as in the case of Heloise, our sex have not been backward in alledging the existence of an Abelard in the person of M. Schlegel as the inspirer of her works. But to proceed: upon the same side of the lake, Gibbon, Bonnivard, Bradshaw, and others mark, at it were, the stages for our progress; whilst upon the other side there is one house, built by Diodati, the friend of Milton, which has contained within its walls, for several months, that poet whom we have so often read together, and who—if human passions remain the same, and human feelings, like chords, on being swept by nature's impulses shall vibrate as before—will be placed by posterity in the first rank of our English Poets. You must have heard, or the Third Canto of Childe Harold will have informed you, that Lord Byron resided many months in this neighbourhood. I went with some friends a few days ago, after having seen Ferney, to view this mansion. I trod the floors with the same feelings of awe and respect as we did, together, those of Shakspeare's dwelling at Stratford. I sat down in a chair of the saloon, and satisfied myself that I was resting on what he had made his constant seat. I found a servant there who had lived with him; she, however, gave me but little information. She pointed out his bed-chamber upon the same level as the saloon and dining-

room, and informed me that he retired to rest at three, got up at two, and employed himself a long time over his toilette; that he never went to sleep without a pair of pistols and a dagger by his side, and that he never eat animal food. He apparently spent some part of every day upon the lake in an English boat. There is a balcony from the saloon which looks upon the lake and the mountain Jura; and I imagine, that it must have been hence he contemplated the storm so magnificently described in the Third Canto; for you have from here a most extensive view of all the points he has therein depicted. I can fancy him like the scathed pine, whilst all around was sunk to repose, still waking to observe, what gave but a weak image of the storms which had desolated his own breast.

The sky is changed!—and such a change; oh! night!
And storm and darkness, ye are wond'rous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue.
And Jura answers thro' her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!

And this is the night: — Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy far and fierce delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of me!

How the lit lake shines a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now where the swift Rhine cleaves his way between
Heights which appear, as lovers who have parted
In haste, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, tho' broken-hearted;
Tho' in their souls which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed—
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winter—war within themselves to wage.

I went down to the little port, if I may use the expression, wherein his vessel used to lay, and conversed with the cottager, who had the care of it. You may smile, but I have my pleasure in thus helping my personification of the individual I admire, by attaining to the knowledge of those circumstances which were daily around him. I have made numerous enquiries in the town concerning him, but can learn nothing. He only went into society there once, when M. Pictet took him to the house of a lady to spend the evening. They say he is a very singular man, and seem to think him very uncivil. Amongst other things they relate, that having invited M. Pictet and Bonstetten to dinner, he went on the lake to Chillon, leaving a gentleman who travelled with him to receive

them and make his apologies. Another evening, being invited to the house of Lady D—— H——, he promised to attend, but upon approaching the windows of her ladyship's villa, and perceiving the room to be full of company, he set down his friend, desiring him to plead his excuse, and immediately returned home. This will serve as a contradiction to the report which you tell me is current in England, of his having been avoided by his countrymen on the continent. The case happens to be just the reverse, as he has been generally sought by them, though on most occasions, apparently without success. It is said, indeed, that upon paying his first visit at Coppet, following the servant who had announced his name, he was surprised to meet a lady carried out fainting; but before he had been seated many minutes, the same lady, who had been so affected at the sound of his name, returned and conversed with him a considerable time—such is female curiosity and affectation! He visited Coppet frequently, and of course associated there with several of his countrymen, who evinced no reluctance to meet him whom his enemies alone would represent as an outcast.

Though I have been so unsuccessful in this town, I have been more fortunate in my enquiries elsewhere. There is a society three or four miles from Geneva, the centre of which is the Countess of Breuss, a Russian lady, well acquainted with the *agremens de la Société*,

and who has collected them round herself at her mansion. It was chiefly here, I find, that the gentleman who travelled with Lord Byron, as physician, sought for society. He used almost every day to cross the lake by himself, in one of their flat-bottomed boats, and return after passing the evening with his friends, about eleven or twelve at night, often whilst the storms were raging in the circling summits of the mountains around. As he became intimate, from long acquaintance, with several of the families in this neighbourhood, I have gathered from their accounts some excellent traits of his lordship's character, which I will relate to you at some future opportunity.

Among other particulars mentioned, was the outline of a ghost story By Lord Byron. It appears that one evening Lord B., Mr. P. B. Shelly, two ladies and the gentleman before alluded to, after having perused a German work, entitled Phantasmagoriana, began relating ghost stories; when his lordship having recited the beginning of Christabel, then unpublished, the whole took so strong a hold of Mr. Shelly's mind, that he suddenly started up and ran out of the room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and discovered him leaning against a mantle-piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face. After having given him something to refresh him, upon enquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that his wild imagination having pictured to him the bosom

of one of the ladies with eyes (which was reported of a lady in the neighbourhood where he lived) he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression. It was afterwards proposed, in the course of conversation, that each of the company present should write a tale depending upon some supernatural agency, which was undertaken by Lord Byron, the physician, and one of the ladies before mentioned. I obtained the outline of each of these stories as a great favour, and herewith forward them to you, as I was assured you would feel as much curiosity as myself, to peruse the *ébauches* of so great a genius, and those immediately under his influence."

INTRODUCTION.

THE superstition upon which this tale is founded is very general in the East. Among the Arabians it appears to be common: it did not, however, extend itself to the Greeks until after the establishment of Christianity; and it has only assumed its present form since the division of the latin and greek churches; at which time, the idea becoming prevalent, that a latin body could not corrupt if buried in their territory, it gradually increased, and formed the subject of many wonderful stories, still extant, of the dead rising from their graves, and feeding upon the blood of the young and beautiful. In the West it spread, with some slight variation, all over Hungary, Poland, Austria, and Lorraine, where the belief existed, that vampyres nightly imbibed a certain portion of the blood of their victims, who became emaciated, lost their strength, and speedily died of consumptions; whilst these human blood-suckers fattened — and their veins became distended to such a state of repletion, as to cause the blood to flow from all the passages of their bodies, and even from the very pores of their skins.

In the London Journal, of March 1732, is a curious, and, of course, *credible* account of a

particular case of vampyrism, which is stated to have occurred at Madreyga, in Hungary. It appears, that upon an examination of the commander-in-chief and magistrates of the place, they positively and unanimously affirmed, that about five years before, a certain Heyduke, named Arnold Paul, had been heard to say, that, at Cassovia, on the frontiers of the Turkish Servia, he had been tormented by a vampyre, but had found a way to rid himself of the evil, by eating some of the earth out of the vampyre's grave, and rubbing himself with his blood. This precaution, however, did not prevent him from becoming a vampyre himself (1); for, about twenty or thirty days after his death and burial, many persons complained of having been tormented by him; and a deposition was made, that four persons had been deprived of life by his attacks. To prevent further mischief, the inhabitants having consulted their Hadagni (2), took up the body, and found it (as is supposed to be usual in cases of vampyrism) fresh, and entirely free from corruption, and emitting at the mouth, nose, and ears, pure and florid blood. Proof having been thus obtained, they resorted to the accustomed remedy. A stake was driven entirely through the heart

(1) The universal belief is, that a person sucked by a vampyre becomes a vampyre himself, and sucks in his turn.

(2) Chief Bailiff.

and body of Arnold Paul, at which he is reported to have cried out as dreadfully as if he had been alive. This done, they cut off his head, burned his body, and threw the ashes into his grave. The same measures were adopted with the corses of those persons who had previously died from vampyrism, lest they should, in their turn, become agents upon others who survived them.

This monstrous rodomontade is here related, because it seems better adapted to illustrate the subject of the present observations than any other instance which could be adduced. In many parts of Greece it is considered as a sort of punishment after death, for some heinous crime committed whilst in existence, that the deceased is not only doomed to vampyrise, but compelled to confine his infernal visitations solely to those beings he loved most while upon earth — those to whom he was bound by ties of kindred and affection. — A supposition alluded to in the "Giaour."

But first on earth, as Vampyre sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;
Then ghastly haunt the native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race;
There from thy *daughter*, *sister*, *wife*,
At midnight drain the stream of life;
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse,
Thy victims, ere they yet expire,
Shall know the demon for their sire;

As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are withered on the stem.
But one that for *thy crime* must fall,
The youngest, best beloved of all,
Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!
Yet thou must end thy task and mark
Her cheek's last tinge—her eye's last spark,
And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
Then with unhallowed hand shall tear
The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which in life a lock when shorn
Affection's fondest pledge was worn—
But now is borne away by thee
Memorial of thine agony!
Yet with thine own best blood shall drip,
Thy gnashing tooth, and haggard lip;
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave,
Till these in horror shrink away
From spectre more accursed than they.

Mr. Southey has also introduced in his wild but beautiful poem of "Thalaba," the vampyre corse of the Arabian maid Oneiza, who is represented as having returned from the grave for the purpose of tormenting him she best loved whilst in existence. But this cannot be supposed to have resulted from the sinfulness of her life, she being pourtrayed throughout the whole of the tale as a complete type of purity and innocence. The veracious Tournefort gives a long account in his

travels of several astonishing cases of vampyrism, to which he pretends to have been an eye-witness; and Calmet, in his great work upon this subject, besides a variety of anecdotes, and traditionary narratives illustrative of its effects, has put forth some learned dissertations, tending to prove it to be a classical, as well as barbarian error.

Many curious and interesting notices on this singularly horrible superstition might be added; though the present may suffice for the limits of a note, necessarily devoted to explanation, and which may now be concluded by merely remarking, that though the term Vampyre is the one in most general acceptation, there are several others synonimous with it, made use of in various parts of the world: as Vroucolocha, Vardoulacha, Goul, Broucoloka, etc.

THE VAMPYRE.

It happened that in the midst of the dissipations attendant upon a London winter, there appeared at the various parties of the leaders of the *ton* a nobleman, more remarkable for his singularities than his rank. He gazed upon the mirth around him, as if he could not participate therein. Apparently the light laughter of the fair only attracted his attention, that he might by a look quell it, and throw fear into those breasts where thoughtlessness reigned. Those who felt this sensation of awe, could not explain whence it arose: some attributed it to the dead grey eye, which, fixing upon the object's face, did not seem to penetrate, and at one glance to pierce through to the inward workings of the heart; but fell upon the cheek with a leaden ray that weighed upon the skin it could nót pass. His peculiarities caused him to be invited to every house; all wished to see him, and those who had been accustomed to violent excitement, and now felt the weight of *ennui*, were pleased at having something in their presence capable of engaging their attention. In spite of the deadly hue of his face, which never gained a warmer tint, either from the blush of modesty, or from the strong emotion of passion, though its form and outline were beautiful, many of the female hunters after notoriety attempted

to win his attention, and gain, at least, some marks of what they might term affection; Lady Mercer, who had been the mockery of every monster shewn in drawing-rooms since her marriage, threw herself in his way, and did all but put on the dress of a mountebank, to attract his notice;—though in vain:—when she stood before him, though his eyes were apparently fixed upon her's, still it seemed as if they were unperceived —even her unappalled impudence was baffled, and she left the field. But though the common adultress could not influence even the guidance of his eyes, it was not that the female sex was indifferent to him: yet such was the apparent caution with which he spoke to the virtuous wife and innocent daughter, that few knew he ever addressed himself to females. He had, however, the reputation of a winning tongue; and whether it was that it even overcame the dread of his singular character, or that they were moved by his apparent hatred of vice, he was as often among those females who form the boast of their sex from their domestic virtues, as among those who sully it by their vices.

About the same time, there came to London a young gentleman of the name of Aubrey; he was an orphan left with an only sister in the possession of great wealth, by parents who died while he was yet in childhood. Left also to himself by guardians, who thought it their duty merely to take care of his fortune, while they relinquished the more important charge of his mind to the care of mercenary subalterns, he cultivated more his imagination than his judgment. He had,

hence, that high romantic feeling of honour and candour, which daily ruins so many milliner's apprentices. He believed all to sympathise with virtue, and thought that vice was thrown in by Providence merely for the picturesque effect of the scene, as we see in romances; he thought that the misery of a cottage merely consisted in the vesting of clothes, which were as warm, but which were better adapted to the painter's eye by their irregular folds and various coloured patches. He thought, in fine, that the dreams of poets were the realities of life. He was handsome, frank, and rich: for these reasons, upon his entering into the gay circles, many mothers surrounded him, striving which should describe with least truth their languishing or romping favourites; the daughters at the same time, by their brightening countenances when he approached, and by their sparkling eyes when he opened his lips, soon led him into false notions of his talents and his merit. Attached as he was to the romance of his solitary hours, he was startled at finding that, except in the tallow and wax candles, that flickered, not from the presence of a ghost, but from want of snuffing, there was no foundation in real life for any of that congeries of pleasing pictures and descriptions contained in those volumes from which he had formed his study. Finding, however, some compensation in his gratified vanity, he was about to relinquish his dreams, when the extraordinary being we have above described, crossed him in his career.

He watched him; and the very impossibility of forming an idea of the character of a man

entirely absorbed in himself, who gave few other signs of his observation of external objects, than the tacit assent to their existence, implied by the avoidance of their contact: allowing his imagination to picture every thing that flattered its propensity to extravagant ideas, he soon formed this object into the hero of a romance, and determined to observe the offspring of his fancy, rather than the person before him. He became acquainted with him, paid him attentions, and had so far advanced upon his notice, that his presence was always recognized. He gradually learnt that Lord Ruthven's affairs were embarrassed, and soon found, from the notes of preparation in ——— Street, that he was about to travel. Desirous of gaining some information respecting this singular character, who, till now, had only whetted his curiosity, he hinted to his guardians, that it was time for him to perform the tour, which for many generations has been thought necessary to enable the young to take some rapid steps in the career of vice, towards putting themselves upon an equality with the aged, and not allowing them to appear as if fallen from the skies, whenever scandalous intrigues are mentioned as the subjects of pleasantry or of praise, according to the degree of skill shewn in carrying them on. They consented; and Aubrey immediately mentioning his intentions to Lord Ruthven, was surprised to receive from him a proposal to join him. Flattered by such a mark of esteem from him, who, apparently, had nothing in common with other men, he gladly accepted it, and in a few days they had passed the circling waters.

Hitherto, Aubrey had had no opportunity of studying Lord Ruthven's character, and now he found, that, though many more of his actions were exposed to his view, the results offered different conclusions from the apparent motives to his conduct. His companion was profuse in his liberality :—the idle, the vagabond, and the beggar, received from his hand more than enough to relieve their immediate wants. But Aubrey could not avoid remarking, that it was not upon the virtuous, reduced to indigence by the misfortunes attendant even upon virtue, that he bestowed his alms;—these were sent from the door with hardly suppressed sneers; but when the profligate came to ask something, not to relieve his wants, but to allow him to wallow in his lust, or to sink him still deeper in his iniquity, he was sent away with rich charity. This was, however, attributed by him to the greater importunity of the vicious, which generally prevails over the retiring bashfulness of the virtuous indigent. There was one circumstance about the charity of his Lordship, which was still more impressed upon his mind: all those upon whom it was bestowed, inevitably found that there was a curse upon it, for they all were either led to the scaffold, or sunk to the lowest and the most abject misery. At Brussels and other towns through which they passed, Aubrey was surprised at the apparent eagerness with which his companion sought for the centres of all fashionable vice; there he entered into all the spirit of the faro table: he betted, and always gambled with success, except where the known sharper was his antagonist, and then he lost even

more than he gained ; but it was always with the same unchanging face , with which he generally watched the society around ; it was not , however, so when he encountered the rash youthful novice , or the luckless father of a numerous family ; then his very wish seemed fortune's law—this apparent abstractedness of mind was laid aside , and his eyes sparkled with more fire than that of the cat whilst dallying with the half dead mouse. In every town , he left the formerly affluent youth , torn from the circle he adorned , cursing , in the solitude of a dungeon , the fate that had drawn him within the reach of this fiend ; whilst many a father sat frantic , amidst the speaking looks of mute hungry children , without a single farthing of his late immense wealth , wherewith to buy even sufficient to satisfy their present craving. Yet he took no money from the gambling table ; but immediately lost , to the ruiner of many, the last gilder he had just snatched from the convulsive grasp of the innocent : this might but be the result of a certain degree of knowledge , which was not , however , capable of combating the cunning of the more experienced. Aubrey often wished to represent this to his friend , and beg him to resign that charity and pleasure which proved the ruin of all , and did not tend to his own profit ;—but he delayed it—for each day he hoped his friend would give him some opportunity of speaking frankly and openly to him ; however, this never occurred , Lord Ruthven in his carriage , and amidst the various wild and rich scenes of nature, was always the same ; his eye spoke less than his lip ; and though Aubrey was near the object of his curiosity ,

he obtained no greater gratification from it than the constant excitement of vainly wishing to break that mystery, which to his exalted imagination began to assume the appearance of something supernatural.

They soon arrived at Rome, and Aubrey for a time lost sight of his companion; he left him in daily attendance upon the morning circle of an Italian countess, whilst he went in search of the memorials of another almost deserted city. Whilst he was thus engaged, letters arrived from England, which he opened with eager impatience; the first was from his sister, breathing nothing but affection; the others were from his guardians, the latter astonished him; if it had before entered into his imagination that there was an evil power resident in his companion, these seemed to give him almost sufficient reason for the belief. His guardians insisted upon his immediately leaving his friend, and urged, that his character was dreadfully vicious, for that the possession of irresistible powers of seduction, rendered his licentious habits more dangerous to society. It had been discovered, that his contempt for the adultress had not originated in hatred of her character; but that he had required, to enhance his gratification, that his victim, the partner of his guilt, should be hurled from the pinnacle of unsullied virtue, down to the lowest abyss of infamy and degradation: in fine, that all those females whom he had sought, apparently on account of their virtue, had, since his departure, thrown even the mask aside, and had not scrupled to expose the whole deformity of their vices to the public gaze.

Aubrey determined upon leaving one, whose character had not yet shewn a single bright point on which to rest the eye. He resolved to invent some plausible pretext for abandoning him altogether, purposing, in the mean while, to watch him more closely, and to let no slight circumstance pass by unnoticed. He entered into the same circle, and soon perceived, that his Lordship was endeavouring to work upon the inexperience of the daughter of the lady at whose house he chiefly frequented. In Italy, it is seldom that an unmarried female is met with in society; he was therefore obliged to carry on his plans in secret; but Aubrey's eye followed him in all his windings, and soon discovered that an assignation had been appointed, which would most likely end in the ruin of an innocent, though thoughtless girl. Losing no time, he entered the apartment of Lord Ruthven, and abruptly asked him his intentions with respect to the lady, informing him at the same time that he was aware of his being about to meet her that very night. Lord Ruthven answered, that his intentions were such as he supposed all would have upon such an occasion; and upon being pressed whether he intended to marry her, merely laughed. Aubrey retired; and, immediately writing a note, to say, that from that moment he must decline accompanying his Lordship in the remainder of their proposed tour, he ordered his servant to seek other apartments; and calling upon the mother of the lady, informed her of all he knew, not only with regard to her daughter, but also concerning the character of his Lordship. The assignation was prevented. Lord Ruthven next day merely

sent his servant to notify his complete assent to a separation ; but did not hint any suspicion of his plans having been foiled by Aubrey's interposition.

Having left Rome , Aubrey directed his steps towards Greece , and , crossing the Peninsula, soon found himself at Athens. He then fixed his residence in the house of a Greek ; and soon occupied himself in tracing the faded records of ancient glory upon monuments that apparently, ashamed of chronicling the deeds of freemen only before slaves, had hidden themselves beneath the sheltering soil or many coloured lichen. Under the same roof as himself, existed a being so beautiful and delicate , that she might have formed the model for a painter wishing to portray on canvass the promised hope of the faithful in Mahomet's paradise , save that her eyes spoke too much mind for any one to think she could belong to those who had no souls. As she danced upon the plain , or tripped along the mountain's side, one would have thought the gazelle a poor type of her beauties ; for who would have exchanged her eye , apparently the eye of animated nature, for that sleepy luxurious look of the animal suited but to the taste of an epicure. The light step of Ianthe often accompanied Aubrey in his search after antiquities , and often would the unconscious girl , engaged in the pursuit of a Kashmere butterfly , show the whole beauty of her form , floating as it were upon the wind , to the eager gaze of him , who forgot the letters he had just decyphered upon an almost effaced tablet , in the contemplation of her sylph-like figure. Often would her tresses falling , as she flitted around , show in the sun's ray

such delicately brilliant and swiftly fading hues, as might well excuse the forgetfulness of the antiquary, who let escape from his mind the very object he had before thought of vital importance to the proper interpretation of a passage in Pausanias. But why attempt to describe charms which all feel, but none can appreciate?—It was innocence, youth, and beauty, unaffected by crowded drawing-rooms, and stifling balls. Whilst he drew those remains of which he wished to preserve a memorial for his future hours, she would stand by, and watch the magic effects of his pencil, in tracing the scenes of her native place; she would then describe to him the circling dance upon the open plain, would paint to him in all the glowing colours of youthful memory, the marriage pomp she remembered viewing in her infancy; and then, turning to subjects that had evidently made a greater impression upon her mind, would tell him all the supernatural tales of her nurse. Her earnestness and apparent belief of what she narrated, excited the interest even of Aubrey; and often, as she told him the tale of the living vampyre, who had passed years amidst his friends and dearest ties, forced every year, by feeding upon the life of a lovely female to prolong his existence for the ensuing months, his blood would run cold, whilst he attempted to laugh her out of such idle and horrible fantasies; but Ianthe cited to him the names of old men, who had at last detected one living among themselves, after several of their near relatives and children had been found marked with the stamp of the fiend's appetite; and when she found him so incredulous, she begged of him

to believe her, for it had been remarked, that those who had dared to question their existence, always had some proof given, which obliged them, with grief and heartbreaking, to confess it was true. She detailed to him the traditional appearance of these monsters, and his horror was increased, by hearing a pretty accurate description of Lord Ruthven; he, however, still persisted in persuading her, that there could be no truth in her fears, though at the same time he wondered at the many coincidences which had all tended to excite a belief in the supernatural power of Lord Ruthven.

Aubrey began to attach himself more and more to Ianthe; her innocence, so contrasted with all the affected virtues of the women among whom he had sought for his vision of romance, won his heart: and while he ridiculed the idea of a young man of English habits, marrying an uneducated Greek girl, still he found himself more and more attached to the almost fairy form before him. He would tear himself at times from her, and, forming a plan for some antiquarian research, he would depart, determined not to return until his object was attained; but he always found it impossible to fix his attention upon the ruins around him, whilst in his mind he retained an image that seemed alone the rightful possessor of his thoughts. Ianthe was unconscious of his love, and was ever the same infantile being he had first known. She always seemed to part from him with reluctance; but it was because she had no longer any one with whom she could visit her favourite haunts, whilst her guardian was occupied in sketching or uncovering

some fragment which had yet escaped the destructive hand of time. She had appealed to her parents on the subject of Vampyres, and they both, with several present, affirmed their existence, pale with horror at the very name. Soon after, Aubrey determined to proceed upon one of his excursions, which was to detain him for a few hours; when they heard the name of the place, they all at once begged of him not to return at night, as he must necessarily pass through a wood, where no Greek would ever remain after the day had closed, upon any consideration. They described it as the resort of the Vampyres in their nocturnal orgies, and denounced the most heavy evils as impending upon him who dared to cross their path. Aubrey made light of their representations, and tried to laugh them out of the idea; but when he saw them shudder at his daring thus to mock a superior, infernal power, the very name of which apparently made their blood freeze, he was silent.

Next morning Aubrey set off upon his excursion unattended; he was surprised to observe the melancholy face of his host, and was concerned to find that his words, mocking the belief of those horrible fiends, had inspired them with such terror.—When he was about to depart, Ianthe came to the side of his horse, and earnestly begged of him to return, ere night allowed the power of these beings to be put in action;—he promised. He was, however, so occupied in his research, that he did not perceive that day-light would soon end, and that in the horizon there was one of those specks which, in the warmer climates, so rapidly gather

into a tremendous mass, and pour all their rage upon the devoted country. — He at last, however, mounted his horse, determined to make up by speed for his delay: but it was too late. Twilight in these southern climates is almost unknown; immediately the sun sets, night begins; and ere he had advanced far, the power of the storm was above — its echoing thunders had scarcely an interval of rest — its thick heavy rain forced its way through the canopying foliage, whilst the blue forked lightning seemed to fall and radiate at his very feet. Suddenly his horse took fright, and he was carried with dreadful rapidity through the entangled forest. The animal at last, through fatigue, stopped, and he found, by the glare of lightning, that he was in the neighbourhood of a hovel that hardly lifted itself up from the masses of dead leaves and brushwood which surrounded it. Dismounting, he approached, hoping to find some one to guide him to the town, or at least trusting to obtain shelter from the pelting of the storm. As he approached, the thunders, for a moment silent, allowed him to hear the dreadful shrieks of a woman mingling with the stifled exultant mockery of a laugh, continued in one almost unbroken sound; he was startled: but, roused by the thunder which again rolled over his head, he with a sudden effort forced open the door of the hut. He found himself in utter darkness; the sound, however, guided him. He was apparently unperceived; for, though he called, still the sounds continued, and no notice was taken of him. He found himself in contact with some one, whom he immediately seized, when a voice cried, "Again

baffled," to which a loud laugh succeeded, and he felt himself grappled by one whose strength seemed superhuman: determined to sell his life as dearly as he could, he struggled; but it was in vain: he was lifted from his feet and hurled with enormous force against the ground: — his enemy threw himself upon him, and kneeling upon his breast, had placed his hands upon his throat, — when the glare of many torches penetrating through the hole that gave light in the day, disturbed him; — he instantly rose, and leaving his prey, rushed through the door, and in a moment the crashing of the branches, as he broke through the wood, was no longer heard. — The storm was now still; and Aubrey, incapable of moving, was soon heard by those without. — They entered; the light of their torches fell upon the mud walls, and the thatch loaded on every individual straw with heavy flakes of soot. At the desire of Aubrey they searched for her who had attracted him by her cries; he was again left in darkness; but what was his horror, when the light of the torches once more burst upon him, to perceive the airy form of his fair conductress brought in a lifeless corpse. He shut his eyes, hoping that it was but a vision arising from his disturbed imagination; but he again saw the same form, when he unclosed them, stretched by his side. There was no colour upon her cheek, not even upon her lip; yet there was a stillness about her face that seemed almost as attaching as the life that once dwelt there: — upon her neck and breast was blood, and upon her throat were the marks of teeth having opened the vein: — to this the men pointed, crying, si-

multaneously struck with horror, "a Vampyre! a Vampyre!" A litter was quickly formed, and Aubrey was laid by the side of her who had lately been to him the object of so many bright and fairy visions, now fallen with the flower of life that had died within her. He knew not what his thoughts were —his mind was benumbed, and seemed to shun reflection and take refuge in vacancy —he held almost unconsciously in his hand a naked dagger of a particular construction, which had been found in the hut. —They were soon met by different parties who had been engaged in the search of her whom a mother had soon missed. —Their lamentable cries, as they approached the city, forewarned the parents of some dreadful catastrophe. — To describe their grief would be impossible; but when they ascertained the cause of their child's death, they looked at Aubrey and pointed to the corpse. — They were inconsolable; both died broken-hearted.

Aubrey being put to bed, was seized with a most violent fever, and was often delirious; in these intervals he would call upon Lord Ruthven and upon Ianthe—by some unaccountable combination he seemed to beg of his former companion to spare the being he loved. — At other times he would imprecate maledictions upon his head, and curse him as her destroyer. Lord Ruthven chanced at this time to arrive at Athens, and, from whatever motive, upon hearing of the state of Aubrey, immediately placed himself in the same house, and became his constant attendant. When the latter recovered from his delirium, he was horrified and startled at the sight of him

whose image he had now combined with that of a Vampyre; but Lord Ruthven by his kind words, implying almost repentance for the fault that had caused their separation, and still more by the attention, anxiety, and care which he showed, soon reconciled him to his presence. His Lordship seemed quite changed; he no longer appeared that apathetic being who had so astonished Aubrey; but as soon as his convalescence began to be rapid, he again gradually retired into the same state of mind, and Aubrey perceived no difference from the former man, except, that at times he was surprised to meet his gaze fixed intently upon him with a smile of malicious exultation playing upon his lips; he knew not why, but this smile haunted him. During the last stage of the invalid's recovery, Lord Ruthven was apparently engaged in watching the tideless waves raised by the cooling breeze, or in marking the progress of those orbs, circling, like our world, the moveless sun; — indeed he appeared to wish to avoid the eyes of all.

Aubrey's mind, by this shock, was much weakened, and that elasticity of spirit which had once so distinguished him, now seemed to have fled for ever. — He was now as much a lover of solitude and silence as Lord Ruthven; but much as he wished for solitude, his mind could not find it in the neighbourhood of Athens; if he sought it amidst the ruins he had formerly frequented, Ianthe's form stood by his side — if he sought it in the woods, her light step would appear wandering amidst the underwood, in quest of the modest violet; then, suddenly turning round, would show,

to his wild imagination, her pale face and wounded throat, with a meek smile upon her lips. He determined to fly scenes, every feature of which created such bitter associations in his mind. He proposed to Lord Ruthven, to whom he held himself bound by the tender care he had taken of him during his illness, that they should visit those parts of Greece neither had yet seen. They travelled in every direction, and sought every spot to which a recollection could be attached; but though they thus hastened from place to place, yet they seemed not to heed what they gazed upon. — They heard much of robbers, but they gradually began to slight these reports, which they imagined were only the invention of individuals, whose interest it was to excite the generosity of those whom they defended from pretended dangers. In consequence of thus neglecting the advice of the inhabitants, on one occasion they travelled with only a few guards, more to serve as guides than as a defence; — Upon entering, however, a narrow defile, at the bottom of which was the bed of a torrent, with large masses of rock brought down from the neighbouring precipices, they had reason to repent their negligence; — for, scarcely were the whole of the party engaged in the narrow pass, when they were startled by the whistling of bullets close to their heads, and by the echoed report of several guns. In an instant their guards had left them, and placing themselves behind rocks had began to fire in the direction whence the report came. Lord Ruthven and Aubrey, imitating their example, retired for a moment behind a sheltering turn of the defile; but ashamed of being thus

detained by a foe, who with insulting shouts bade them advance, and being exposed to unresisting slaughter, if any of the robbers should climb above and take them in the rear, they determined at once to rush forward in search of the enemy. — Hardly had they lost the shelter of the rock, when Lord Ruthven received a shot in the shoulder that brought him to the ground. — Aubrey hastened to his assistance, and no longer heeding the contest or his own peril, was soon surprised by seeing the robbers' faces around him; his guards having, upon Lord Ruthven's being wounded, immediately thrown up their arms and surrendered.

By promises of great reward, Aubrey soon induced them to convey his wounded friend to a neighbouring cabin, and having agreed upon a ransom, he was no more disturbed by their presence, they being content merely to guard the entrance till their comrade should return with the promised sum, for which he had an order. — Lord Ruthven's strength rapidly decreased, in two days mortification ensued, and death seemed advancing with hasty steps. — His conduct and appearance had not changed: he seemed as unconscious of pain as he had been of the objects about him; but towards the close of the last evening his mind became apparently uneasy, and his eye often fixed upon Aubrey, who was induced to offer his assistance with more than usual earnestness — "Assist me! you may save me — you may do more than that — I mean not my life, I heed the death of my existence as little as that of the passing day; but you may save my honour, your friend's honour." — "How? tell me how; I would do any thing,"

replied Aubrey.—"I need but little—my life ebbs apace—I cannot explain the whole—but if you would conceal all you know of me, my honour were free from stain in the world's mouth—and if my death were unknown for some time in England —I—I—but life."—"It shall not be known."—"Swear!" cried the dying man, raising himself with exultant violence, "Swear by all your soul reveres, by all your nature fears, swear that for a year and a day you will not impart your knowledge of my crimes or death to any living being, in any way, whatever may happen, or whatever you may see." His eyes seemed bursting from their sockets: "I swear!" said Aubrey. Lord Ruthven sunk laughing upon his pillow, and breathed no more.

Aubrey retired to rest, but did not sleep; the many circumstances attending his acquaintance with this man rose upon his mind; and he knew not why, when he remembered his oath a cold shivering came over him, as if from the presentiment of something horrible awaiting him. Rising early in the morning, he was about to enter the hovel in which he had left the corpse, when a robber met him, and informed him that it was no longer there, having been conveyed by himself and comrades, upon his retiring, to the pinnacle of a neighbouring mount, according to a promise they had given his lordship, that it should be exposed to the first cold ray of the moon that rose after his death. Aubrey was astonished, and taking several of the men, determined to go and bury it upon the spot where it lay. But, when he had mounted to the summit he found no trace of either the corpse or the clothes, though the

robbers swore they pointed out the identical rock on which they had laid the body. For a time his mind was bewildered in conjectures, but he at last returned, convinced that they had buried the corpse for the sake of the clothes.

Weary of a country in which he had met with such terrible misfortunes, and in which all apparently conspired to heighten that superstitious melancholy that had seized upon his mind, he resolved to leave it, and soon arrived at Smyrna. While waiting for a vessel to convey him to Otranto, or to Naples, he occupied himself in arranging those effects he had with him belonging to Lord Ruthven. Amongst other things there was a case containing several weapons of offence, more or less adapted to ensure the death of the victim. There were several daggers and ataghans. Whilst turning them over, and examining the curious forms, what was his surprise at finding a sheath apparently ornamented in the same style as the dagger discovered in the fatal hut — he shuddered — hastening to gain further proof, he found the weapon, and his horror may be imagined when he discovered that it fitted, though peculiarly shaped, the sheath he held in his hand. His eyes seemed to need no further certainty—they seemed gazing to be bound to the dagger; yet still he wished to disbelieve; but the particular form, the same varying tints upon the haft and sheath were alike in spendour on both, and left no room for doubt; there were also drops of blood on each.

He left Smyrna, and on his way home, at Rome, his first inquiries were concerning the lady he had

attempted to snatch from Lord Ruthven's seductive arts. Her parents were in distress, their fortune ruined, and she had not been heard of since the departure of his lordship. Aubrey's mind became almost broken under so many repeated horrors; he was afraid that this lady had fallen a victim to the destroyer of Ianthe. He became morose and silent, and his only occupation consisted in urging the speed of the postilions, as if he were going to save the life of some one he held dear. He arrived at Calais; a breeze which seemed obedient to his will, soon wafted him to the English shores; and he hastened to the mansion of his fathers, and there, for a moment, appeared to lose, in the embraces and caresses of his sister, all memory of the past. If she before, by her infantile caresses, had gained his affection, now that the woman began to appear, she was still more attaching as a companion.

Miss Aubrey had not that winning grace which gains the gaze and applause of the drawing-room assemblies. There was none of that light brilliancy which only exists in the heated atmosphere of a crowded apartment. Her blue eye was never lit up by the levity of the mind beneath. There was a melancholy charm about it which did not seem to arise from misfortune, but from some feeling within, that appeared to indicate a soul conscious of a brighter realm. Her step was not that light footing, which strays where'er a butterfly or a colour may attract—it was sedate and pensive. When alone, her face was never brightened by the smile of joy; but when her brother breathed to her his affection, and would in her

presence forget those griefs she knew destroyed his rest, who would have exchanged her smile for that of the voluptuary? It seemed as if those eyes, — that face were then playing in the light of their own native sphere. She was yet only eighteen, and had not been presented to the world; it having been thought by her guardians more fit that her presentation should be delayed until her brother's return from the continent, when he might be her protector. It was now, therefore, resolved that the next drawing-room, which was fast approaching, should be the epoch of her entry into the "busy scene." Aubrey would rather have remained in the mansion of his fathers, and fed upon the melancholy which overpowered him. He could not feel interest about the frivolities of fashionable strangers, when his mind had been so torn by the events he had witnessed; but he determined to sacrifice his own comfort to the protection of his sister. They soon arrived in town, and prepared for the next day, which had been announced as a drawing-room.

The crowd was excessive — a drawing-room had not been held for a long time, and all who were anxious to bask in the smile of royalty, hastened thither. Aubrey was there with his sister. While he was standing in a corner by himself, heedless of all around him, engaged in the remembrance that the first time he had seen Lord Ruthven was in that very place—he felt himself suddenly seized by the arm, and a voice he recognized too well, sounded in his ear — "Remember your oath." He had hardly courage to turn, fearful of seeing a spectre that would blast him, when he per-

ceived, at a little distance, the same figure, which had attracted his notice on this spot upon his first entry into society. He gazed till his limbs almost refusing to bear their weight, he was obliged to take the arm of a friend, and forcing a passage through the crowd, he threw himself into his carriage, and was driven home. He paced the room with hurried steps, and fixed his hands upon his head, as if he were afraid his thoughts were bursting from his brain. Lord Ruthven again before him—circumstances started up in dreadful array—the dagger—his oath.—He roused himself, he could not believe it possible—the dead rise again!—He thought his imagination had conjured up the image his mind was resting upon. It was impossible that it could be real—he determined, therefore, to go again into society; for though he attempted to ask concerning Lord Ruthven, the name hung upon his lips, and he could not succeed in gaining information. He went a few nights after with his sister to the assembly of a near relation. Leaving her under the protection of a matron, he retired into a recess, and there gave himself up to his own devouring thoughts. Perceiving, at last, that many were leaving, he roused himself, and entering another room, found his sister surrounded by several, apparently in earnest conversation; he attempted to pass and get near her, when one, whom he requested to move, turned round, and revealed to him those features he most abhorred. He sprung forward, seized his sister's arm, and, with hurried step, forced her towards the street: at the door he found himself impeded by the crowds of servants who were

waiting for their lords; and while he was engaged in passing them, he again heard that voice whisper close to him—"Remember your oath!"—He did not dare to turn, but, hurrying his sister, soon reached home.

Aubrey became almost distracted. If, before, his mind had been absorbed by one subject, how much more completely was it engrossed, now that the certainty of the monster's living again pressed upon his thoughts. He sister's attentions were now unheeded, and it was in vain that she intreated him to explain to her what had caused his abrupt conduct. He only uttered a few words, and those terrified her. The more he thought, the more he was bewildered. His oath startled him;—was he then to allow this monster to roam, bearing ruin upon his breath, amidst all he held dear, and not avert its progress? His very sister might have been touched by him. But even if he were to break his oath, and disclose his suspicions, who would believe him? He thought of employing his own hand to free the world from such a wretch; but death, he remembered, had been already mocked. For days he remained in this state, shut up in his room; he saw no one, and eat only when his sister came, who, with eyes streaming with tears, besought him, for her sake, to support nature. At last, no longer capable of bearing stillness and solitude, he left his house, roamed from street to street, anxious to fly that image which haunted him. His dress became neglected, and he wandered, as often exposed to the noon-day sun as to the midnight damps. He was no longer to be recognized; at first he re-

turned with the evening to the house; but at last he laid him down to rest wherever fatigue overtook him. His sister, anxious for his safety, employed people to follow him; but they were soon distanced by him who fled from a pursuer swifter than any—from thought. His conduct, however, suddenly changed. Struck with the idea that he left by his absence the whole of his friends with a fiend amongst them, of whose presence they were unconscious, he determined to enter again into society, and watch him closely, anxious to forewarn, in spite of his oath, all whom Lord Ruthven approached with intimacy. But when he entered into a room, his haggard and suspicious looks were so striking, his inward shudderings so visible, that his sister was at last obliged to beg of him to abstain from seeking, for her sake, a society which affected him so strongly. When, however, remonstrance proved unavailing, the guardians thought proper to interpose, and, fearing that his mind was becoming alienated, they thought it high time to resume again that trust which had been before imposed upon them by Aubrey's parents.

Desirous of saving him from the injuries and sufferings he daily encountered in his wanderings, and of preventing him from exposing to the general eye those marks of what they considered folly, they engaged a physician to reside in the house, and take constant care of him. He hardly appeared to notice it, so completely was his mind absorbed by one terrible subject. His incoherence became at last so great, that he was confined to his chamber. There he would often lie for days,

incapable of being roused. He had become emaciated, his eyes had attained a glassy lustre;—the only sign of affection and recollection remaining displayed itself upon the entry of his sister: then he would sometimes start, and, seizing her hands, with looks that severely afflicted her, he would desire her not to touch him. "Oh! do not touch him—if your love for me is aught, do not go near him!" When, however, she inquired to whom he referred, his only answer was —"True! true!" and again he sank into a state, whence not even she could rouse him. This lasted many months: gradually, however, as the year was passing, his incoherences became less frequent, and his mind threw off a portion of its gloom, whilst his guardians observed, that several times in the day he would count upon his fingers a definite number, and then smile.

The time had nearly elapsed, when, upon the last day of the year, one of his guardians entering his room, began to converse with his physician upon the melancholy circumstance of Aubrey's being in so awful a situation when his sister was going next day to be married. Instantly Aubrey's attention was attracted; he asked anxiously to whom. Glad of this mark of returning intellect, of which they feared he had been deprived, they mentioned the name of the earl of Marsden. Thinking this was a young earl whom he had met with in society, Aubrey seemed pleased, and astonished them still more by his expressing his intention to be present at the nuptials, and desiring to see his sister. They answered not,

but in a few minutes his sister was with him. He was apparently again capable of being affected by the influence of her lovely smile; for he pressed her to his breast, and kissed her cheek, wet with tears, flowing at the thought of her brother's being once more alive to the feelings of affection. He began to speak with all his wonted warmth, and to congratulate her upon her marriage with a person so distinguished for rank and every accomplishment: when he suddenly perceived a locket upon her breast; opening it, what was his surprise at beholding the features of the monster who had so long influenced his life. He seized the portrait in a paroxysm of rage, and trampled it under foot. Upon her asking him why he thus destroyed the resemblance of her future husband, he looked as if he did not understand her—then seizing her hands, and gazing on her with a frantic expression of countenance, he bade her swear that she would never wed this monster, for he—But he could not advance—it seemed as if that voice again bade him remember his oath—he turned suddenly round, thinking Lord Ruthven was near him, but saw no one. In the meantime the guardians and physician, who had heard the whole, and thought this was but a return of his disorder, entered, and forcing him from Miss Aubrey, desired her to leave him. He fell upon his knees to them, he implored, he begged of them to delay but for one day. They, attributing this to the insanity they imagined had taken possession of his mind, endeavoured to pacify him, and retired.

Lord Ruthven had called the morning after the

drawing-room, and had been refused with every one else. When he heard of Aubrey's ill health, he readily understood himself to be the cause of it: but when he learned that he was deemed insane, his exultation and pleasure could hardly be concealed from those among whom he had gained this information. He hastened to the house of his former companion, and, by constant attendance, and the pretence of great affection for the brother, and interest in his fate, he gradually won the ear of Miss Aubrey. Who could resist his power? His tongue had dangers and toils to recount—could speak of himself as of an individual having no sympathy with any being on the crowded earth, save with her to whom he addressed himself;—could tell how, since he knew her, his existence had begun to seem worthy of preservation, if it were merely that he might listen to her soothing accents;—in fine, he knew so well how to use the serpent's art, or such was the will of fate, that he gained her affections. The title of the elder branch falling at length to him, he obtained an important embassy, which served as an excuse for hastening the marriage, (in spite of her brother's deranged state), which was to take place the very day before his departure for the continent.

Aubrey, when he was left by the physician and his guardian, attempted to bribe the servants, but in vain. He asked for pen and paper; it was given him; he wrote a letter to his sister, conjuring her, as she valued her own happiness, her own honour, and the honour of those now in the grave, who once held her in their arms as their

hope and the hope of their house, to delay but for a few hours that marriage, on which he denounced the most heavy curses. The servants promised they would deliver it; but giving it to the physician, he thought it better not to harass any more the mind of Miss Aubrey by, what he considered, the ravings of a maniac. Night passed on without rest to the busy inmates of the house; and Aubrey heard, with a horror that may more easily be conceived than described, the notes of busy preparation. Morning came, and the sound of carriages broke upon his ear. Aubrey grew almost frantic. The curiosity of the servants at last overcame their vigilance, they gradually stole away, leaving him in the custody of an helpless old woman. He seized the opportunity, with one bound was out of the room, and in a moment found himself in the apartment where all were nearly assembled. Lord Ruthven was the first to perceive him: he immediately approached, and, taking his arm by force, hurried him from the room, speechless with rage. When on the staircase, Lord Ruthven whispered in his ear—"Remember your oath, and know, if not my bride to day, your sister is dishonoured. Women are frail!" So saying, he pushed him towards his attendants, who, roused by the old woman, had come in search of him. Aubrey could no longer support himself; his rage, not finding vent, had broken a blood-vessel, and he was conveyed to bed. This was not mentioned to his sister, who was not present when he entered, as the physician was afraid of agitating her. The marriage was solemnized, and the bride and bridegroom left London.

Aubrey's weakness increased; the effusion of blood produced symptoms of the near approach of death. He desired his sister's guardians might be called, and when the midnight hour had struck, he related composedly what the reader has perused—he died immediately after.

The guardians hastened to protect Miss Aubrey; but when they arrived, it was too late. Lord Ruthven had disappeared, and Aubrey's sister had glutted the thirst of a VAMPYRE!

A FRAGMENT.

June 17, 1816.

In the year 17—, having for some time determined on a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out, accompanied by a friend, whom I shall designate by the name of Augustus Darvell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family—advantages which an extensive capacity prevented him alike from undervaluing or overrating. Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention, of interest, and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indications of an inquietude, at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish.

I was yet young in life, which I had begun early; but my intimacy with him was of a recent date: we had been educated at the same schools and university; but his progress through these had preceded mine, and he had been deeply initiated into what is called the world, while I was yet in my noviciate. While thus engaged, I had heard much both of his past and present life; and although in these accounts there were many and irreconcileable contradictions, I could still gather from the whole that he was a being of no common order, and one who, whatever pains he might take

to avoid remark, would still be remarkable. I had cultivated his acquaintance subsequently, and endeavoured to obtain his friendship, but this last appeared to be unattainable; whatever affections he might have possessed seemed now, some to have been extinguished, and others to be concentred: that his feelings were acute, I had sufficient opportunities of observing; for, although he could controul, he could not altogether disguise them: still he had a power of giving to one passion the appearance of another, in such a manner that it was difficult to define the nature of what was working within him; and the expressions of his features would vary so rapidly though slightly, that it was useless to trace them to their sources. It was evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet; but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief, from one or all of these, or merely from a morbid temperament aking to disease, I could not discover: there were circumstances alledged, which might have justified the application to each of these causes; but, as I have before said, these were so contradictory and contradicted that none could be fixed upon with accuracy. Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil: I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other—and felt loth, as far as regarded himself, to believe in its existence. My advances were received with sufficient coldness; but I was young, and not easily discouraged, and at length succeeded in obtaining, to a certain degree, that common-place intercourse and moderate confi-

dence of common and every day concerns, created and cemented by similarity of pursuit and frequency of meeting, which is called intimacy or friendship, according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them.

Darvell had already travelled extensively; and to him I had applied for information with regard to the conduct of my intended journey. It was my secret wish that he might be prevailed on to accompany me: it was also a probable hope, founded upon the shadowy restlessness which I had observed in him, and to which the animation which he appeared to feel on such subjects, and his apparent indifference to all by which he was more immediately surrounded, gave fresh strength. This wish I first hinted, and then expressed: his answer, though I had partly expected it, gave me all the pleasure of surprise — he consented; and, after the requisite arrangements, we commenced our voyages. After journeying through various countries of the south of Europe, our attention was turned towards the East, according to our original destination; and it was in my progress through those regions that the incident occurred upon which will turn what I may have to relate.

The constitution of Darvell, which must from his appearance have been in early life more than usually robust, had been for some time gradually giving way, without the intervention of any apparent disease: he had neither cough nor hectic, yet he became daily more enfeebled: his habits were temperate, and he neither declined nor complained of fatigue, yet he was evidently wasting away: he became more and more silent and

sleepless, and at length so seriously altered, that my alarm grew proportionate to what I conceived to be his danger.

We had determined, on our arrival at Smyrna, on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus and Sardis, from which I endeavoured to dissuade him in his present state of indisposition—but in vain : there appeared to be an oppression on his mind, and a solemnity in his manner, which ill corresponded with his eagerness to proceed on what I regarded as a mere party of pleasure little suited to a valetudinarian ; but I opposed him no longer—and in a few days we set off together, accompanied only by a serrugee and a single janizary.

We had passed halfway towards the remains of Ephesus, leaving behind us the more fertile environs of Smyrna, and were entering upon that wild and tenantless track through the marshes and defiles which lead to the few huts yet lingering over the broken columns of Diana—the roofless walls of expelled christianity, and the still more recent but complete desolation of abandoned mosques—when the sudden and rapid illness of my companion obliged us to halt at a Turkish cemetery, the turbaned tombstones of which were the sole indication that human life had ever been a sojourner in this wilderness. The only caravansera we had seen was left some hours behind us, not a vestige of a town or even cottage was within sight or hope, and this « city of the dead » appeared to be the sole refuge for my unfortunate friend, who seemed on the verge of becoming the last of its inhabitants.

In this situation, I looked round for a place where he might most conveniently repose:—contrary to the usual aspect of Mahometan burial-grounds, the cypresses were in this few in number, and these thinly scattered over its extent: the tombstones were mostly fallen, and worn with age:—upon one of the most considerable of these, and beneath one of the most spreading trees, Darvell supported himself, in a half-reclining posture, with great difficulty. He asked for water. I had some doubts of our being able to find any, and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency—but he desired me to remain; and turning to Suleiman, our janizary, who stood by us smoking with great tranquillity, he said, « Suleiman, verbana su, » (i. e. bring some water), and went on describing the spot where it was to be found with great minuteness, at a small well for camels, a few hundred yards to the right: the janizary obeyed. I said to Darvell, « How did you « know this? » He replied, « —From our situa-« tion; you must perceive that this place was once « inhabited, and could not have been so without « springs: I have also been here before. »

« You have been here before!—How came you « never to mention this to me? and what could « you be doing in a place where no one would « remain a moment longer than they could help « it? »

To this question I received no answer. In the mean time Suleiman returned with the water, leaving the serrugee and the horses at the fountain. The quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment; and I con-

ceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to return, and I urged the attempt. He was silent—and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He began.

« This is the end of my journey, and of my life. « —I came here to die: but I have a request to « make, a command—for such my last words « must be—You will observe it? »

« Most certainly; but have better hopes. »

« I have no hopes, nor wishes, but this—con- « ceal my death from every human being. »

« I hope there will be no occasion; that you « will recover, and—— »

« Peace!—it must be so; promise this. »

« I do. »

« Swear it, by all that »——He here dictated an oath of great solemnity.

« There is no occasion for this—I will observe « your request; and to doubt me is —— »

« It cannot be helped,—you must swear. »

I took the oath: it appeared to relieve him. He removed a seal ring from his finger, on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. He proceeded—

« On the ninth day of the month, at noon pre- « cisely (what month you please, but this must be « the day), you must fling this ring into the salt « springs which run into the Bay of Eleusis: the « day after, at the same hour, you must repair « to the ruins of the temple of Ceres, and wait « one hour. »

« Why? »

« You will see. »

« The ninth day of the month, you say? »

« The ninth. »

As I observed that the present was the ninth day of the month, his countenance changed, and he paused. As he sate, evidently becoming more feeble, a stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us; and, without devouring her prey, appeared to be stedfastly regarding us. I know not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless; she made a few circles in the air, and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it, and smiled: he spoke—I know not whether to himself or to me—but the words were only, « 'Tis well! »

« What is well? what do you mean? »

« No matter: you must bury me here this evening, and exactly were that bird is now perched. You know the rest of my injunctions. »

He then proceeded to give me several directions as to the manner in which his death might be best concealed. After these were finished, he exclaimed, « You perceive that bird? »

« Certainly. »

« And the serpent writhing in her beak? »

« Doubtless: there is nothing uncommon in it; « it is her natural prey. But it is odd that she does « not devour it. »

He smiled in a ghastly manner, and said, faintly, « It is not yet time! » As he spoke, the stork flew away. My eyes followed it for a moment, it could hardly be longer than ten might be counted. I felt Darvell's weight, as it were, increase upon my shoulder, and, turning to look upon his face, perceived that he was dead!

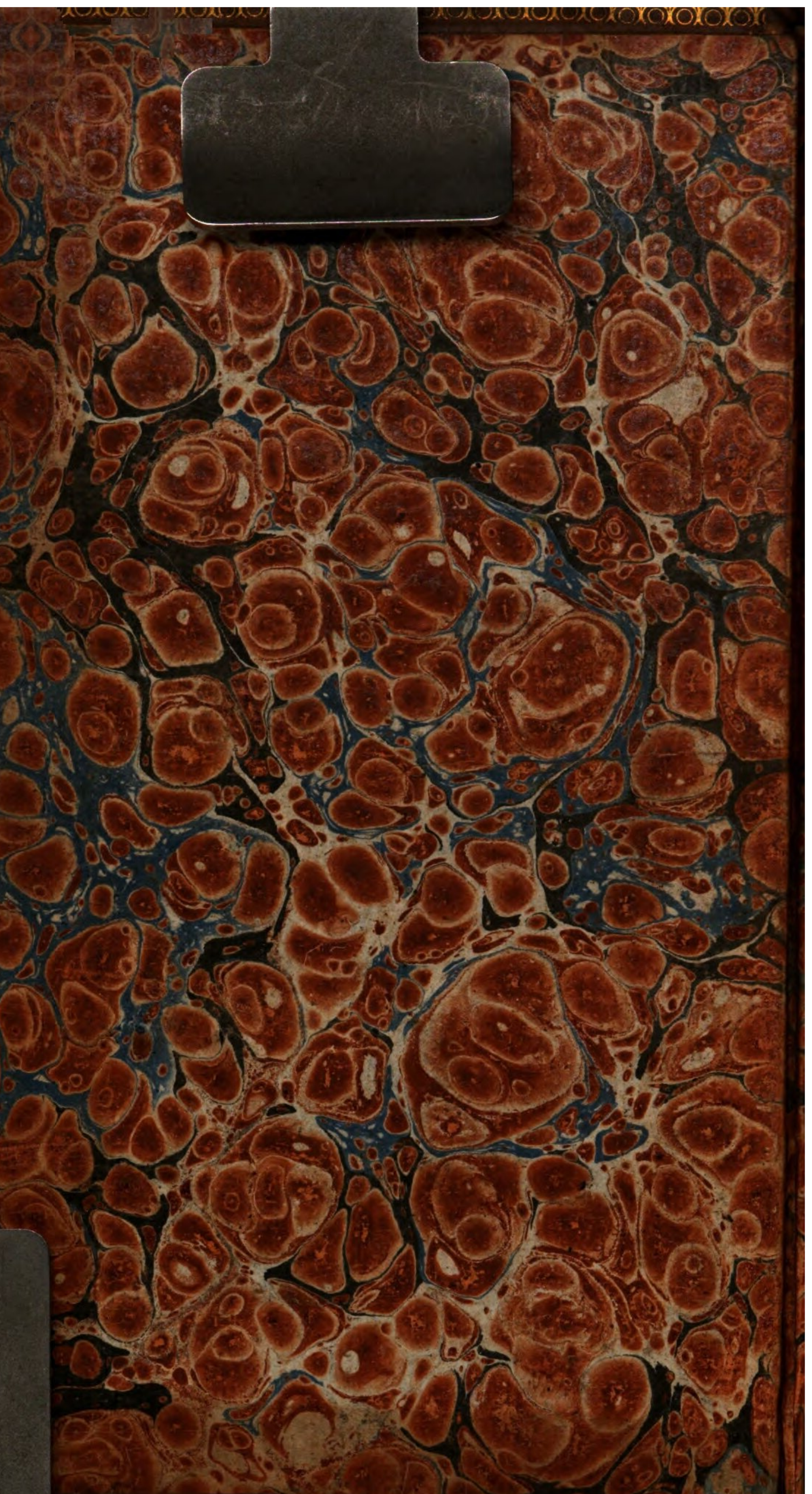
I was shocked with the sudden certainty which

could not be mistaken—his countenance in a few minutes became nearly black. I should have attributed so rapid a change to poison, had I not been aware that he had no opportunity of receiving it unperceived. The day was declining, the body was rapidly altering, and nothing remained but to fulfil his request. With the aid of Suleiman's ataghan and my own sabre, we scooped a shallow grave upon the spot which Darvell had indicated: the earth easily gave way, having already received some Mahometan tenant. We dug as deeply as the time permitted us, and throwing the dry earth upon all that remained of the singular being so lately departed, we cut a few sods of greener turf from the less withered soil around us, and laid them upon his sepulchre.

Between astonishment and grief, I was tearless.

* * * * * * *

THE END.



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Byron, George Gordon Byron

Lord Byron's works

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